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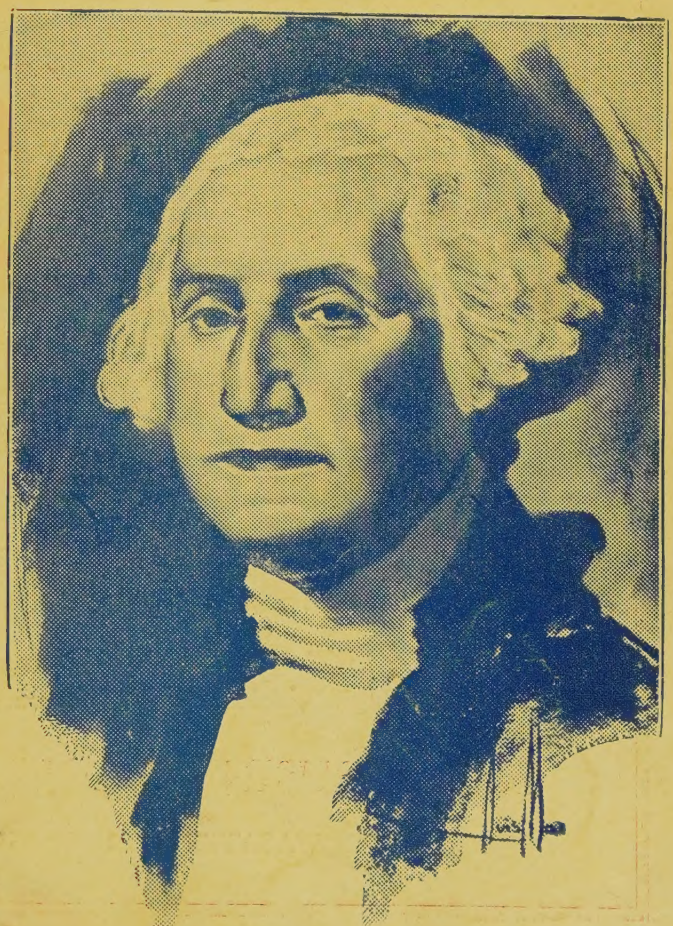
Volume XIX FEBRUARY, 1932 No. 2



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 February, 1932 No. 2

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"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family of the little brother.

"Naw," replied the little brother disgustedly. "He don't need to talk. All he has ter do is yell, and he gits everything in the house worth having."

A Strict Sense of Duty

The touring car had turned unside down, burying the motorist under it, but the village constable was not to be thus lightly turned from his duty.

"Its no use your hiding there," he said severely, "I must have your name and address."

Henry's Whereabouts

"Where is Henry?" asked the neighbor of the lady whose husband he wanted to see.

"I don't know exactly,' said the wife; "if the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is he is swimming."

Getting Even

A little boy who had been punished by his mother one day, and that night at bedtime he prayed thus:

"Dear Lord, bless Papa and Sister Lucy and Brother Frank and Uncle Fred and Aunt Mary and make me a good boy. Amen."

Then looking up into his mother's face he said: "I suppose you noticed that you weren't in it."

His Reason

Going to the blackboard the teacher wrote this sentence: "The horse and the cow was in the stable."

"Now, children," she said, "there is something wrong with that sentence. Who can correct it and tell why it is wrong?"

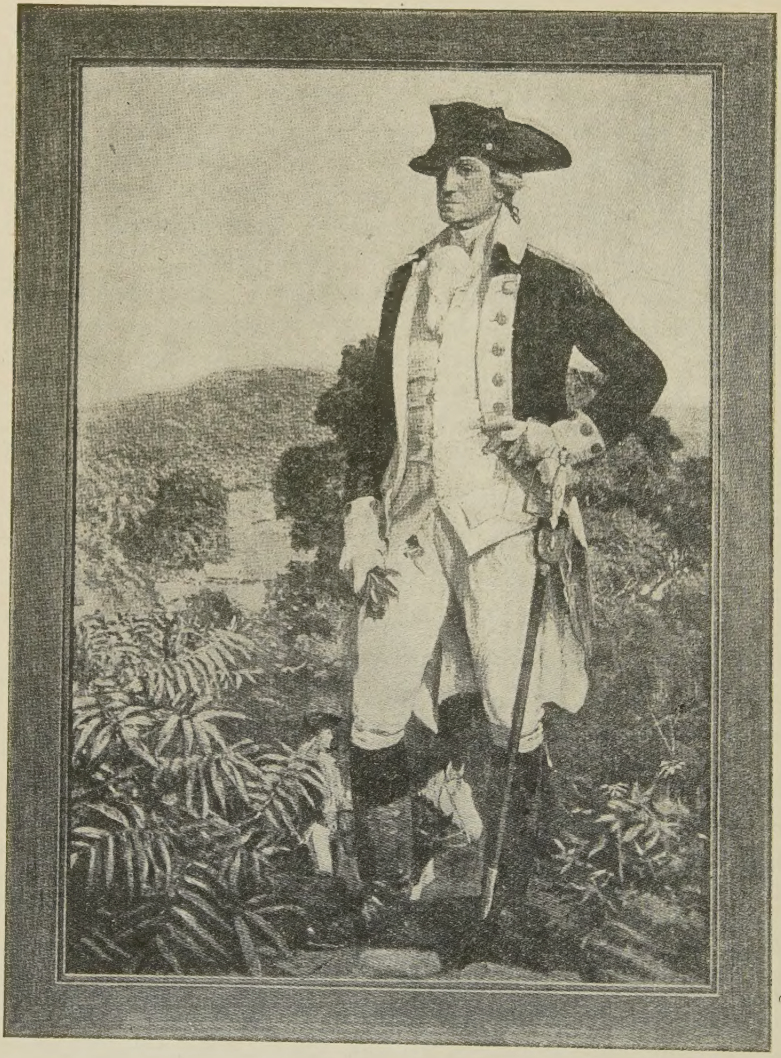
One small boy waved his hand excitedly and the teacher called upon him."

"It's wrong," he said with importance. "It ought to be, 'The cow and the horse was in the stable, because ladies always ought to go first."

Washington

"But it was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, as we can now have no doubt, of both Empires, that the great Western Republic should separate from us; and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable chief above all, have the glory of facing and overcoming not only veterans amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissensions, treason within their own camp, where all must have gone to rack but for the pure unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What constancy, what magnanimity, what a surprising persistency against fortune! Washington, the chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington, inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement; here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw. The prize is not always to the brave. In our revolution it certainly did fall, for once and for a wonder, to the most deserving. His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy where he obtained a trifling mastery, but over Congress; over hunger and disease; over lukewarm friends or smiling foes in his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet and master. When the struggle was over, and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defense before the nation, what charges and countercharges brought; what pretexts of delays were urged; what piteous excuses were put forward that this fleet arrived too late; that that regiment mistook its orders; that these cannon-balls would not fit those guns; and so on to the end of the chapter. Here was a general who beat us with no shot at times, and no powder, and no money; and he never thought of a convention, his courage never even capitulated! Through all the doubts and darkness, the danger and long tempest of the war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart where all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; to forego even ambition when the end is gained—who can say this is not greatness?"

—Thackery, in "The Virginians"



Stanley Arthur

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX FEBRUARY, 1932 No. 2

The Place of Recreation in Our Lives

By Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve

IT was recently stated by an eminent authority that modern inventions relieve man of so much labor that each American citizen has seventy slaves at his command. Thus he is freed from many hours of drudgery and given additional hours of leisure time. This may not yet be universally true for the average American citizen, but when adjustments are made it will be the case and there will be a reasonable length of time for work and a reasonable length of time for play.

Now the question is, how shall we make use of this leisure time in a profitable way. Since there are certain definite objectives in our work, should there not be definite objectives with reference to the use of this leisure time?

There is little danger of any one going wrong who is employed in honorable, gainful work. There is, however, grave danger that bad habits, unwholesome associations and questionable practices may develop through an improper use of this leisure time. It is said that you can never properly judge a man by watching him at his work. The best way to discover him is to watch him at his play. Then he does as he wishes. When he is at work, he is serving other masters.

I remember standing on a cliff above the city of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, looking to the distant summit of the Andes mountains, reaching a height of over twenty-one thousand feet, eternally snow-capped. I saw eagles circling far above even the summit of these mountains. They were at play. At my feet below the cliff was a trickling stream of water that created a bog at its bottom in which hogs were wallowing, with only their noses out of the mud. They too were at play. Where do you go when you are at play? Down with the low and the vicious or up into the ethereal heights?

It has been further discovered that the greatest dangers lurk where leisure time is not properly directed and safeguarded. In 1792 a prominent religious denomination in the United States expressed its great aversion to all forms of recreational activity in the following language: "The students shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls play. Let this rule be observed with the strictest nicety, for those who

play when they are young will play when they are old."

How satisfying it is to the Latter-day Saints to know that they belong to a Church that even a hundred years ago took no such narrow view of this important subject. Second to the efforts put forth to provide for the religious education of its members is the provision which is made for the leisure time. The Prophet Joseph Smith thought it not a dishonorable thing to engage in play. It is reported that many times when he defeated an antagonist in a religious discussion he gave his opponent another chance to win by offering to wrestle, pull stakes, or engage in some other play activity. One minister so challenged was shocked to think that a prophet would engage in play.

The hard struggles and the stern monotony of the pilgrimage across the plains were relieved by closing each day in song and play. If it were nothing else but to clear the sagebrush, bring out the fiddle and have a dance and a few songs as a diversion, it cheered the spirits of those who were in the midst of the toil. How difficult it would have been to have kept the people in these valleys, a thousand miles from civilization, contented and happy unless a theater had been built, a great organ provided, dance halls, gymnasiums and other opportunities supplied for the people to express themselves in natural God-given urges.

Here is a Church that approves of the thrilling joys that come from expression of these urges and keeps the participant safe by carrying forward a program that has as its aim certain desirable definite objectives in the use of leisure time.

Youth is so full of life and activity that work alone does not supply the outlet for all its energy. And even if there were sufficient work to do, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If work does not furnish the outlet for this energy, then play will. The proper use of this play period will lead to the formation of proper habits and the safeguarding of morals. Fatigue which normally follows healthful play is a good distraction from immoral tendencies. Most types of play are social and it is here that moral values and proper conduct are best developed. The group will not tolerate cheating or lying in competitive games and encouragement is given even in the face of defeat to try again to win. Good sportsmanship which can accept defeat cheerfully is developed. Temperate habits are established. The use of tobacco, alcohol, and other stimulants means failure to the athlete.

Play assumes two aspects. One is recreation or re-creation and the other relaxation. In relaxation we emphasize rest and change, while in recreation we emphasize re-building. In relaxation we find release from tensions, strain, on brain centers or upon muscles that have been overworked in certain types of work. Here nature provides release in sleep, laughter, play activities and rest. All these bring relaxation. When the body is used in excess of its power to repair itself by these natural means, irritability and inefficiency will naturally follow. Many a person who is unable to sleep and takes drugs for their stimulating effect to help relax or recreate the body would find in the natural forms of play the relief they seek and they would not have the objectionable reaction that follows the use of stimulants.

It has been found that the child in school can only give attention for a limited period and then after a short period of play and relaxation

he is able to resume attention again. It would follow with all groups that after a strenuous period of mental concentration there should be a period of recreation. However, one's work is another's relaxation. The person who spends most of the day in brain work needs physical exercise, while those who engage in physical work need rest. Too many people are getting old early in life. Bent bodies from fixed toil and labor are not given the opportunity to relax and bring other muscles into play that would make for more rounded development.

The Lord has been interested enough in the physical well-being of man to give some very definite laws with respect to the body. Surely He is interested in the production of a perfect physical specimen, and not only physical strength but grace and beauty of movement as well.

Man is a social being. He cannot be happy and live alone, so that opportunities for groups to meet together, especially young folks in the mating period, should be provided for. The leaders of the Church recognize the desirability of having Latter-day Saints marry those of their own faith. Greater opportunity is found for forming desirable friendships in social activities than anywhere else. Parents can no longer select companions for their sons and daughters but they can help select a proper group where their children may form acquaintances. The flock can be kept clean, the wolves eliminated and standards maintained that will undoubtedly assist in the proper formation of desirable companionships.

While the physical urge is strongest in youth there are urges that find joyous expression in those of older years. The dramatic urge which prompts one to relax, to forget one's self and play the part of another, all bring refreshment and culture. Responding to the linguistic urge develops the joy of perfect expression.

It is important that each human being should have a period each day for rest, relaxation and change of activity. Every mother ought to have one hour each day free from the toil and the care of her home and her children. She would have a sweeter disposition and accomplish more if the tension could be lifted. Hence how fine it is that she can go to a Relief Society meeting, even if she has to take her little children with her. The sisters could take charge in turns of groups of children, thus relieving the mother so that she can relax and change her course of thought and find some of the relief that each individual ought to have from the taxing cares of daily routine life. There is many a mother in an insane asylum today because she had no relief from the pressure that was upon her. Having no safety valve to relax, there was an explosion and she became abnormal.

So that we are learning that it is just as important to have a definite program for the use of leisure time as it is to have a definite program for work if one would fully enjoy life. Surely that is the purpose of man's being here. Christ came to bring life and that more abundantly. "Man is that he might have joy."

A Leisure Time Program

By Clarissa A. Beesley

"There never was a day in the history of America when parents needed to be more concerned about the what and when and how of the youth of the hour. There never was a time, young people within my hearing, when youth had so much out of which to build greatness as now, and in the same way, there never was a time when the youth had so much of which to create rapid destruction and wreckage and ruin as now." * * *

"Build, my young friends, four square. Build now and build for eternity, but watch the leisure time. Through it you may either make or break for eternity."*

TREMENDOUSLY significant words—"through it (leisure time) you may make or break for eternity!" And who will doubt their truth who gives this problem thoughtful attention?

There is a vital moment in every day—the moment when leisure hours begin. At that moment each individual must face the question—what use shall I make of the gift of time that is mine? He may scarcely be conscious of the question but it is asked nevertheless and answered by him in the hours that follow. And the sum total of those answers determines whether he is "making" or "breaking" for eternity.

With the anticipated modifications in the weekly calendar which will release more and more time from the working program, the problem takes on a yet more serious aspect for both youth and adults. If the tension of *how to make a living* is relieved then *how to live* becomes all important. When people shall have learned how to use their leisure so as to secure the fullest values, a golden age will have come.

The present economic situation, in which many find themselves with unemployed time on their hands, presents an immediate problem of deep concern. Great as the distress may be through loss of means to supply physical needs, even more grave may be the results through the reckless use of idle hours. On the other hand those free hours may be turned into such rich opportunities for cultural and spiritual growth as to make the experience a real blessing.

It is to help solve these problems, to guide our youth to an intelligent use of leisure hours, to help create a morale in the Church which shall be invincible to any untoward circumstance which may arise, to bring joyous activity into the community life of the people, in short, to contribute to the building of Latter-day Saints through recreation, that the M. I. A. stands pledged.

AT the close of the year 1922 the Presidency of the Church in a meeting with the heads of the general auxiliary organizations reviewed the assignments previously made to them and stressed the distinguishing features of each. In regard to the Mutual Improvement Associations, it was pointed out that their objectives were, as President Brigham Young had indicated,

"to provide the means by which the doctrines of the gospel could be more effectively taught to young men and women,

*It is believed that this quotation is from Lorado Taft, American Sculptor.

that testimony of the truth of these doctrines and the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith might be gained, and also that the literary tastes of the young might be developed and their social activities brought under better management and control."

Later, in May, 1928, the Mutual Improvement Associations were assigned the exclusive conduct of recreational activities for all groups above the age of the Primary Association with the exception of those which organizations might wish to carry on for their own membership. This meant that the other auxiliaries and the people generally would rally to the M. I. A. for all ward recreational activities, the other groups being relieved from this responsibility in order to follow other lines of endeavor.

As indicated above the assignment was not entirely new. For from the beginning the M. I. A. had given much attention to recreation. It had striven to raise the standards of conduct at all entertainments, dancing parties, and outdoor recreational events. Furthermore, its religious studies had always been interspersed with many of the cultural activities.

But now, when these organizations were charged anew with the responsibility of supervising the leisure time, not only of their own membership but of the Church as a whole, the General Boards began even more seriously than before to study the subject.

Recreation came to mean far more than it had hitherto meant. The vision grew of the possibilities within this field. The officers sensed that such words as "amusement" and "entertainment" connote but a small part of recreation; that a leisure time program must have as its objective the enrichment of life both for young and old; it must provide opportunities for expression of every worthy instinct and urge; it must bring people together in a sympathetic, brotherly and sisterly relationship; it must cultivate appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature, art, literature, music and religion; it must banish evil by filling the mind and heart with good. Indeed, the Prophet Joseph Smith must have had in mind a complete leisure time program when he voiced the latter part of the thirteenth article of faith—"if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

Since 1923, therefore, the program of the Mutual Improvement Associations has been shaping itself more and more to meet this special charge. In every department opportunities are provided for development and expression of talent. Scouting and Bee-Hive work for the youngest groups are essentially active rather than theoretical. They both provide a well nigh perfect program for leisure time, appealing as they do to the natural interests of early adolescence and embodying the highest ideals of character. The Junior girls and their companion age group of young men, the Vanguards, are led through delightful discussions, travelogues, dramatizations, musical programs, and projects. The project for the Vanguards for 1930-31, the marking of historic places, has furnished abundant development for the highest emotions of patriotism and loyalty to heroes of the past; while that of the Junior Girls—"My Story—Lest I Forget" has brought them into touch with the story of their own family life and given them a keener appreciation of what the Gospel message has meant in the lives of their immediate forefathers. The rose being their symbol, these young girls have made it their especial care

to beautify our places of worship with flowers and because of their own loveliness and sweetness they have been called the "bouquet" of the organization.

One of the outstanding groups of the M. I. A. is that of the M Men—Gleaners. These young men and women are in the first flush of manhood and womanhood and must have opportunity for expression of their versatile powers. Their instincts for leadership, their desires for social companionship and to appear well in social relationships are encouraged and opportunity given for their development. The M Men have done much to promote high standards of citizenship and clean physical activities, while the Gleaners, with Ruth of old as an ideal, have gleaned in many fields. Happy home life, the cultivation of special gifts or talents have furnished themes for projects, the most pretentious of which has been "I will Gather Treasures of Truth." This stimulating endeavor has led thousands of Gleaners to delve into the records of the past, into old albums, into family treasure chests; to make collections of their own literary or artistic efforts; and to recount faith-stirring incidents of days that are gone. Many lovely Treasures of Truth books have been the result.

Nor is adult education and recreation neglected. In line with the general impetus given to this phase of educational work, the older people of the Church have found in the M. I. A. a rare opportunity for the pursuit of mentally stimulating subjects, for the promotion of projects of intense interest, for the cultivation of hobbies, for relaxation which helps to keep them ever in the ranks of the youthful. That no one grows old in the M. I. A. is coming to be almost an axiom.

In addition to these special department or age group features, a wonderful program of general culture and recreation has been developed in which all may participate. The dance, the drama, speech, music—these and kindred arts all have a place on the regular program. If one had magic boots or, equally thrilling, if one could avail himself of the modern giant of the air and could visit on a Tuesday evening one Latter-day Saint community after another, he would see happy groups of boys and girls, men and women wending their way to the ward chapel and recreation center for joyous participation in these fascinating pastimes. The activities, covering months of effort, culminate in each local association in the Ward Honor Day, the most jubilant event of the season, when those attaining standards of excellence are recognized and from their number representatives are selected to participate in a larger event—the Stake Honor Day. Here again recognition is given to the wards who have achieved and further selections are made of representatives to take part in a still larger unit—the district or division. Finally, those who have successfully passed through these stages of preparation and selection are heard from at the climactic event of the year—the annual June Conference. Thus is carried forward a system of mass activity and contests unsurpassed in any other community in the land, and this, under direction of the General Boards and with the training available through special institutes and field service, by a great army of volunteer leaders.

Other features which fit into the recreational program are the Fathers and Sons' outings and the Mothers and Daughters' days. These have come to be glorious events of

the summer months, bringing about the happy, close companionship of these groups. Still others are the summer camps established for both boys and girls. Eleven delightful Y. L. M. I. A. camps have been built to which thousands of girls go each summer for rest, play and contact with nature. In the great out-of-doors they learn to appreciate the handiwork of God and through that appreciation come to have greater faith in him and a deeper sense of the spiritual values of life.

All in all the M. I. A. offers a leisure time program based on sound psychological principles, broad in its scope, lofty in its ideals. These ideals are symbolized in the colors of the organization, Green and Gold —Green denoting youth, happy, growing, vibrant youth, and Gold indicating the glorious destiny that awaits the youth of Zion.

Grandmother's Quilts

By Alice M. Snock

This poem received third honorable mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

Grandmother sits in her old armchair,
Her needle flies to and fro,
As she pieces the queer little scraps of cloth,
And dreams of the long ago.

Of intricate pattern like tapestries rare
Are the quilts that Grandmother makes;
With infinite patience she matches and plans
And countless fine stitches she takes.

And I love to hear the stories she tells
About the queer little blocks,
As she sits in her chair by the window there
With the sun on her silvery locks.

"This," she says with a tender smile,
"Is a piece of my wedding gown—
Not grand enough for the girls of today,
But I was the belle of the town."

"And this was our great aunt Sarah's dress,
She wore it the day that she died,
Killed by a fall from her horse, poor girl."
Grandmother shook her head sadly and sighed.

"That blue was the dress of my dearest friend,
The sweetest girl in the town,
Her hair was golden and curly,
Her eyes matched the blue of her gown."

"Here is your Ma's first party dress—
How she primped before the glass—
It had wide flounces and pale blue bows,
Oh, she was a bonnie lass."

So Grandmother sits and pieces her quilts,
Her needle flies to and fro,
And I love to hear the stories she tells
Of the people of long ago.

The Mother and the Wife of George Washington

By Fay Ollerton

Mary Ball Washington

MANY of the stories told about Mary Ball Washington are as mythical as are those told about her son. One known fact about her birth and family is that her first American ancestor, Colonel William Ball came to Virginia in 1650 and that he belonged to the landed gentry of England. Mary Ball was born in 1708. From her father she inherited 400 acres of land in Epping Forest, a hunting park. Later because of her charm and good looks, she was known as the Rose of Epping Forest.

Girls in her day had few educational advantages. However, she was taught all the arts of a gentlewoman of her time—to dance the minuet and curtsey, to know the catechism, to embroider, paint, and sew a fine seam, to be a fine horsewoman, and to handle her slaves. When she was but three years old her father died and ten years later her mother. At eighteen, while she was not rich, she was well endowed, and she had become so beautiful that she had the additional title of "The Belle of the Northern Neck."

It is not known just how she met Augustine Washington, but it is thought that it was in England, where she was visiting when she was twenty-two years of age and her family and friends were fearing that she would remain a spinster in spite of her many suitors. Captain Augustine Washington was an affable widower from Virginia, who came to England to place his boys in the Appleby school. Mary and Augustine were married soon after they met and went to live at Bridges Creek. She was described at this time as being "at home on her own dapple gray pacing through roads and lanes in an English habit of scarlet cloth, long and flowing as to skirt and tightly fitted as to bodice. Her hat was of beaver and black with a long and handsome plume, and she was a handsome and distinguished figure."

Bridges Creek was a lovely spot on the Potomac River. Arriving at her home, Mary found a comfortable commodious house with a staff of slaves to direct. In making her inventory she came across a copy of Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." Across the fly leaf was written "Jane Washington." Underneath it Mary wrote "and Mary Washington." This book was put among her treasures and her children were trained in its precepts. It was at Bridges Creek that George Washington was born on February 22, 1732. Betty was born in 1733, and after her three sons and two daughters, the last of whom lived only fourteen months.

When George was eleven years old his father died. At this time the family was living on a farm opposite the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. Mary Ball Washington was much concerned in the

*To Teachers: The Washington Bicentennial commission at Washington, D. C. has prepared a number of pamphlets which are supplied free to all organizations interested in Washington programs. From these pamphlets the material relating to Washington's mother and wife, given in this article has been selected.

education of her children. A white man of education, a bond-servant, had been brought from England and he gave the children their first real schooling. It was the habit of Mrs. Washington to rise at dawn and to give the first hour of the day to silent thought and prayer. Later, at breakfast, George was usually called on to conduct family prayers.

George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's step-grandson who knew her when she was older wrote of her: "The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was the pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth was tempered by a deference and a well regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. The matron held in reserve an authority, which never departed from her; not even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, 'I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed the guidance of age and wisdom.'

"A lady of high breeding and high courage, exactly the type of woman one would expect the mother of the First President to be—plain, dignified, sincere, strong in the possession of the homely and home-like virtues, absolutely devoid of vanity and ostentation without frivolity of feminine captiousness, reticent to a degree and so free from self-consciousness, she was a thoroughbred lady in her unpretentious homespun, and as much at ease as though it were the purple and ermine of royalty."

Washington inherited not only his mother's features but her strong self-reliance, her courage, her executive ability and her supreme power of awing and governing others. So strong was the influence of her training that all of her children respected her decisions and obeyed her commands.

When her son was commander of the Revolutionary forces she is supposed to have said: "George is apt to succeed in anything he undertakes. He was always a good boy." A few years later he came to Fredericksburg to see her, the victor of the Revolution. She talked with him of many things but not one word did she say of his service to his country. It was as if she took that for granted.

That night there was a great ball and she was sent a special invitation. She answered that her dancing days were over, but that she would be happy to come. It was a great and never to-be-forgotten scene, with gay belles, handsome matrons, and gallant men. Rich laces and jewels, laid away for years, were brought forth, likewise brocades, satins, and velvets saved from earlier times. Mrs. Washington in her still handsome black brocade with its soft lace at the neck and wrists, entered on the arm of her distinguished son. The foreign officers crowded around her, anxious to see the mother of the chief. One of them exclaimed: "If such are the matrons of America, she may well boast of her illustrious sons!"

About three years later the Marquis de Lafayette, in 1784, went to Fredericksburg expressly to pay his respects to her. He found her working in her garden. She greeted him without embarrassment and said: "I can make you welcome to my poor home without the parade of changing my dress." Before he left

Ferris

GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE

she served him spiced gingerbread and home made wine in the garden.

Washington wanted his mother to live with him, but felt it was best for her not to do so. His house was always filled with visitors, many of them distinguished, and she would either had to have been continually on parade—a hard thing for one of her years—or to have been

in retirement in her son's home—a thing he could not have. She died on August 25, 1789, at the age of 81. To her Washington paid the supreme tribute. "All that I am I owe to my mother."

Martha Custis Washington

WIDOW MARTHA DANDRIDGE CUSTIS was considered to be the wealthiest woman in the Virginia colony. Prior to her marriage she resided at the White House, New Kent County with her two small children, Jack and Martha, or Patsey. Her courtship was a brief and romantic one. She and Washington met at the mansion of a friend; it was love at first sight. Indeed, they might have been married very soon, but military duties intervened. Some months later on January 6, 1759, the wedding took place. A society reporter of the times reported it:

"They came in bridal state, coach-and-four and the train of wedding guests. . . . The bride was attired in heavy brocade silk, interwoven with silk thread; embroidered satin petticoat, high heeled satin shoes, with buckles of brilliants, point lace and ruffles. The bridegroom appeared in a citizen's dress of blue cloth . . . his shoe and knee buckles were of gold. His hair was powdered and at his side hung a dress sword."

Since the bride and groom were of equal social rank, both wealthy, and both endowed with many social graces and friends, Martha had no hesitancy in selecting her home as the scene of the honeymoon. They were not to remain in private life long, for the Assembly was opening at Williamsburg and Washington was a member.

This time they were not separated, for Martha had a home, "The House of the Six Chimneys" in Williamsburg where they lived for a season. Afterwards they were to be separated many times. Whenever it was possible for her to go—when her children could be left or taken according to the conditions and Washington was in a position to establish quarters for his wife—she accompanied him.

She was a natural home maker, intelligent, kind, gracious, but with much of the reserve and dignity of Mary Ball. From the beginning she and Washington were happy. Though they had no children of their own, he loved her two as fondly as if he had been their father and when young Patsey died, he was heartbroken and for a long time set aside important engagements that he might remain at Mount Vernon to comfort his wife.

The days at Williamsburg were among the gayest of their lives. There was hunting, racing, and dancing, and the Washingtons were prime favorites everywhere. Soon, however, Martha settled down to the routine of everyday life. The year following her marriage she came to Mount Vernon, newly fitted for the bride. Her duties were heavy. For one thing her husband was a man of action, and as such had a hearty appetite. When he came in from the fields or from riding, she was waiting for him with his favorite refreshments—sugar cakes, thin biscuits, and hot mulled chocolate.

Then there were the slaves to be managed, her two young children to whom she was devoted, and the many guests that made of Mount Vernon a kind of glorified tavern. Even the attic was remade to accommodate the overflow. Most of the food for this great establishment was raised on the plantation, and the desserts of which there were many, were made in the kitchen. Martha Washington's table was never without pies, puddings, jellies, whips, floating islands, sweetmeats,

light bread, beaten biscuits, and batter cakes.

For fifteen years the Washingtons lived happily at Mount Vernon. They lived, as Washington willed it, with great style and regularity. Breakfast was served at 7 o'clock, dinner at 3, tea at 7, and supper at 9. The latter meal was seldom varied. Martha and her guests sat down to fruit and cream, cake and wine, and at ten o'clock they retired, each person with a lighted candle. A friend who visited at Mount Vernon has left a pen picture of its mistress:

"The dear little woman was busy from morning until night with domestic duties, and she gave us much time in conversation and afforded us entertainment. When we sat off in the morning she stood at the door and cheered us with good words."

It was from this life with its beautiful formality, its coach and four, its white pillared mansion, its great gardens with a box hedge imported from England, its river view, and its charming people that a letter came one day from the absent master:

"My dearest, I am now set down to write you on a subject, which fills me with inexpressible concern. . . . It has been determined in Congress that the whole Army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be under my care. . . . I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign, my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being alone. I therefore beg you will summon your fortitude, and pass the time as agreeably as possible."

Martha set about to pass the time. Expenditures were cut down. They had to be, for there were many times when Washington, himself, had little money, and Martha was always ready to sacrifice. She wore on many occasions instead of brocade, cotton dresses striped with silk ravelings woven in her own loom. No more were elaborate meals served at Mount Vernon. There were days when Martha stood in readiness to flee, her china packed, her trunks ready to go. Friends often begged her to go, but she was determined to stay. Once rumors came that the British were to burn Mount Vernon and she went away overnight.

About half the time that Washington was in military quarters during the Revolution, Martha was with him, living sometimes in simple luxury, and other times in cabins almost as desolate as those occupied by the soldiers. A story is told of how she came to spend an unusually cold winter with her husband. They were to live in one of the two frame houses in the settlement and some soldiers were commissioned to make a room in the upper story for Martha. When the soldiers started to work, Martha said: "Now young men, I care nothing for comfort here; I should like you to fit me with a buffet on one side of the room and some shelves and a place for hanging things on the other." When the work was finished, she told them that it was worthy of master workmen. To the soldiers she was known as "Lady Washington" and she was a favorite with enlisted men and officers.

During the dreadful winter at Valley Forge she was with her husband. The Potts home was the center of attraction that winter and Martha was often seen knitting socks, patching garments, and making shirts for the half-clad soldiers.

The years following are too long and varied to be included. Martha was again mistress of Mount Vernon. Then came years of being the "First Lady," when she made traditions by which "First Ladies" will perhaps always be measured. It was her pleasure to witness the sec-

ond inauguration of her husband. This time, instead of citizen's clothes, he wore a full suit of blue velvet with diamond knee buckles. A school boy who was standing before the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia wrote: "I stood before the Hall of Congress when the carriage of the President drove up. It was a white coach or rather of light cream color, painted on the panels with groups representing the four seasons."

Few women have had more colorful lives than Martha Washington. She knew deep sorrow—the death of her first husband and her two children, the tribulations of a country at war—but she knew much pleasure and joy. For eight years she was First Lady of the Land, and for forty years she lived happily with one of the great men of all time.

After the years of the presidency she was permitted to go back to the beautiful plantation by the Potomac, where she was again mistress of the glorified tavern.

After Washington died, life at Mount Vernon was quiet indeed. Few guests came to disturb her sorrow. The room in which he died was closed, and she retired to an upper chamber where she could watch the spot where her husband was buried, close to the blue Potomac. Just before she died she destroyed almost her entire correspondence with George Washington. She did this, she said, to prove her undying love for him. These letters were sacred to her, and she did not wish to share them with other people.

WASHINGTON'S HOME

New Day

Lilting song,
Day comes along
In dewy fragrance gay;
Sunshine bright,
After the night,
Where peace and rest held sway.
Wonder born
With each new morn.
What will it bring today!

The Doctor Passes

By Maxa Million

YOUNG Doctor Oniel hung up the receiver. He looked sick. "Eve," he said, "I know now why Doctor Rankin insisted on my taking that Sheldon confinement case last night and this school job of vaccination today."

The girl addressed looked up from the child's arm she was rubbing with alcohol. It was characteristic of her that she did not ask why. In the four years that she had been engaged to Robert Oniel and even in the long years of childhood friendship before she had learned that such questions were unnecessary. Robert Oniel made no accusations until he himself was sure, but when he said to Eve "I know now" she knew that whatever had been troubling him was soon to be shared with her.

Eve Hawthorn had known for months, ever since Robert had come home from medical school in June to build up a practice in his own home town of Trunkton that he and his work were being subtly attacked by Doctor Rankin, a man who had come in from the coast while Robert was away at school.

When the little arm had received its cargo of vaccine and the child had gone whimpering back to its waiting mother Doctor Oniel spoke again.

"State Medical examinations begin in Laramie tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

He watched a sudden pallor deepen in her face. Dear blessed Eve, she perceived the seriousness as well as he.

"But these?" She indicated the adjoining room filled with waiting women and children. "Why, over half of these Cedar Valley women have driven through twenty miles of mud in farm wagons, and against their wills, too."

"Don't I know it? That's part of Rankin's damned plan—to force them here when scarcely one in the whole lot believes in vaccination, and then have me leave in the middle of the job. Fine reputation it will give me. I'd never hope to get a case with those people and I've got to have some of the practice up here if I stay in the valley."

"But no sleep last night. No time for review. It's criminal. Robert, isn't there some law that requires sufficient notice?"

"Rankin is safe there. There's time to make it if I leave right away."

"Say," broke in a gaunt woman from the doorway. "Can you poison my Sammy next? I've a sick baby home and I've got to be gettin' back."

Dr. Oniel gave Sammy an encouraging pat. "Eve, while I fix this youngster, will you call Mattsonville and find out what trains make connections with the through train to Laramie?"

She turned to him presently. "No. 10 leaves Mattsonville at seven-thirty. It gets into Pontaic at ten, waits three hours for the special. It leaves Pontaic at one o'clock tomorrow morning and reaches Laramie at seven."

Dr. Oniel looked at his watch. One hour back to Trunkton. A half hour's preparation. Another thirty minutes to reach Mattsonville. Just time if he left now. But wait—if he finished the vaccination job, two full hours at the very best. The

hand with the innocent looking needle paused in midair. "Eve, you say that special doesn't leave Pontaic till one?"

She nodded.

"We'll finish the job," he said, "then instead of taking No. 10 in Mattsonville, I'll drive my car into Pontaic and catch the through train there."

A faded little woman in an antiquated coat held out her hand to Dr. Oniel. "You do have a way with children. This girl cried all the way down here. Plumb frightened to death and now look at her. Doesn't even want to go. I'm going to bring her down to Trunkton next week and have you go over her. She's been having worm fits lately and powdered egg shells don't seem to help her none."

They were on their way back to Trunkton when Eve announced. "I'm going with you, Robert. I'll drive your car to Pontaic, perhaps you can doze. At any rate you will be relieved of the strain of driving that two hundred miles and I'll bring your car back in the morning."

Dr. Oniel bent swiftly and kissed her. "I don't know what I've done to deserve such love. You've waited a long time for me, Eve, but as soon as these exams are passed and I'm a full-fledged doctor so I won't have to worry about what Rankin is going to do to me next, we'll be married, debt or no debt, and I'm going to make up to you some of the things you have done for me."

Eve took the wheel. Dr. Oniel, legs stretched well out in front, head against the cushioned back, was conscious of a pleasant lethargy. No use trying to think about the coming examinations. He was tired—more tired than he thought. He watched Eve through half-closed eyes as the wind sprayed soft hair about her face. Wonderful girl! If it weren't for Rankin he and Eve would have been married by now. Why couldn't Rankin be white. There was plenty of practice for both. The bitterness of his position swept over him. Six years at medical school. Six years of starvation! Never a pair of rubbers. A second-hand overcoat to fight off the raw coldness of those Chicago winters. Then graduation and a year as interne at the Cook County Hospital, with hopes high for an immediate marriage with Eve.

"Dr. Rankin," she had written, "who has recently been made chairman of the State Board of Medical Examiners is going East to some convention he tells me, and may stop in Chicago. If he does he has promised to hunt you up."

He had come and Dr. Oniel had asked him about the examinations.

"Nothing to worry about at all," he had answered. "I'm sure we can arrange to have them about the time you get home."

Dr. Rankin had arranged to have them just two days before Dr. Oniel could get there, but that was after the older doctor had found out that the younger man planned to come back to his home town to practice.

How well planned had been Rankin's first move, that offer of a place in his own office which Robert felt he must refuse. He must make good on his own. From then on it had been a petty stream of persecutions. First there had been the complaint against him for practicing without a license, instigated, he found later by Rankin. Thanks to dear old Bunkers that situation had been met. He had allowed his name to be put on Dr. Oniel's office window and though he had practice in plenty in his own city of Mattsonville, he had driven the twenty miles to Trunkton each day and there cloaked with legality the services Dr.

Oniel gave to the many town's people whose presence brought them to his office.

"This practice with the operating Dr. Bunkers gives me at the Mattsonville Hospital is muffling the growl of the wolf at the door," he had told Eve, "But it doesn't drown it out enough for me to ask you to listen in on it until those state exams have been met."

A week ago when he had asked Rankin about the examinations the doctor had told him that the Board couldn't possibly meet until March. "And then suddenly out of a blue sky he insists that I take this maternity case that looked like a lost gamble from the first moment, and I'm fool enough to do it and hang on those seventeen hours and bring the woman through, and my thinking may be I'd misjudged the man all the while I was doing it. It's his having advertised the school vaccination job for today that proves he had the whole thing arranged—the low down cur. He's subtle all right. Wear me out, get me in bad with those Cedar Valley people, then rush me to the examinations without a chance for rest or review."

An angry roar of thunder brought Robert up with a start. Eve shot a swift glance at him. "I thought you were asleep. Looks like a bad storm brewing up Pontaic way. I hope it doesn't break before we get there."

"Eight-thirty," he said, "we ought to be there by eleven-thirty."

From the north fiery fingers of lightning shredded the sodden storm clouds. There was a smart patter of rain against the wind shield. Darkness was on them in one great swoop. Here and there in the distance a lone light of some dry farmer shone out like a drowsy star lost in the blackness.

"Better slow down around this curve, Eve. The roads are getting slippery."

As he spoke, a car coming toward them veered suddenly. It was too far away for them to hear any sound above the humming of their own motor, but they watched the drunken movements of its head lights for a brief moment before it disappeared.

They hurried to the place. Eve brought the car to an abrupt stop. Dr. Oniel was out in an instant, his flash light cutting the darkness around them. A thin wail brought him running to the left side of the road. There a short dugway fell abruptly away to a five foot gully below. He peered over the edge. Eve was at his side.

Together they climbed down the embankment. It took but a few seconds to locate the child. His head protruded from what had been the top of a coupe. A man lay face downward, his arms entangled in the steering wheel. He neither moved nor spoke. Hasty examination revealed no pulse.

"We'd better work with the child," he said. They strained their eyes along the roadway but there was no sign of a car. Dr. Oniel focused his flashlight to the right. "Good. There's a fence."

With a mighty wrench he pulled an aspen pole loose and with it propped up the car sufficiently to untangle the limp figure of what seemed to be about a six-year-old boy.

Eve held the flash light while Dr. Oniel ran deft hands over the little body.

"There's a badly broken bone in the leg and plenty of internal injuries. We'll drive to the first farm house, fix up the child so we can carry him and rush him to the hospital in Pontaic."

Eve was at the wheel again. Dr.

Oniel held the limp little figure in his arms.

A mile farther on they came to a farm house. Eve's frantic knocking brought a woman to the door. Gray hair streamed over a faded kimona that covered her long sleeved nightdress.

"Let us come in will you? There's been an accident. Fix a place where I can examine this child," said the doctor.

The woman fumbled with the lamp chimney, and moved three milk buckets from the kitchen table. "Put him here," she said.

Swift moving fingers removed the clothing. The leg bone protruded through the skin.

"Eve, we've got to have some splints. Take the flash light and see what you can find. And you," he turned to the woman, "call up the sheriff's office. Tell them there has been a man killed and a child seriously injured at that dugway a mile back. Have them send some one out to take charge of the body and look up the car number 700350 W. They can notify the hospital at Pontaic where I'll take the child."

As Eve tore a bed sheet for bandages she watched the weird shadows cast by the smoking lamp. Like some queer pagan rite the woman stood at the head of the child holding aloft the light while Dr. Oniel bent and turned first to the head then to the feet of the unconscious child.

"There," he announced presently, "That will hold him till we get him to the hospital."

THE clock in the city hall was striking twelve when Eve turned the car up the avenue that led to Pontaic's little hospital.

"Thank God you've still got time to get him into the hospital and catch your train."

They hurried into the building smelling of anaesthetics, through a long hallway that led to the office. The room was empty but at Dr. Oniel's ring a weary looking nurse made her appearance.

"There's no one here but the house doctor and me," she told him. "Dr. Green and Dr. Blackburn are out at Milford. There's been a serious mine accident out there—four or five killed that we know about."

The telephone at the girl's elbow jangled. "Yes, yes I'll tell him." She turned to Dr. Oniel. "It was the sheriff's office. They have found that the dead man is a Dr. Rankin's chauffeur and the child here is the doctor's son. The doctor lives in Trunkton but left Pontaic this afternoon for Laramie. They will get word to him as soon as possible."

So it was Dr. Rankin's son, that poor broken scrap of humanity whose life depended upon what he alone could do. Dr. Rankin who had badgered and hectored him at every turn. What a queer mistress Fate was!

"Eve," he said turning to the girl at his side, "here's where we stay. I've got to get started on this operation. It's the most critical job I've ever attempted but its the only thing that offers the slightest hope. While the nurse fixes the operating room see if you can rustle me a cup of strong black coffee."

Immediately the operating room sprang into life. Shining nickel gleamed against the dead whiteness of walls and furniture.

When Eve brought in the coffee he scarcely noticed her. Mechanically he drained the cup and pushed it aside. His face was drawn from fatigue but his jaw was set grimly. Suddenly he looked up. "Are you good for the two hardest hours of your life, Eve?"

She nodded.

"When I saw Winters do this

same operation in Chicago last year it took two of the best doctors in the hospital to help him, so you see what we're up against."

She smiled back at him. "I'm a whole night more rested than you, Robert. We'll see it through together."

An unearthly stillness settled over the room. The nurse had been called back to her own patients. Eve handled the gleaming instruments. Somewhere in the distance came the shrill whistle of the Laramie Special.

At three o'clock Dr. Green came in. "Finest piece of work I've ever seen. It's nothing less than a miracle. How you ever managed alone I can't see."

"I didn't." Dr. Oniel's face relaxed into a warm smile as he looked at Eve. "Without her," he told Dr. Green, "I never could have done it."

"Well, you both look half dead to me. Better go over to the hotel and get a little rest."

"Thanks, but I think I'll not leave till the child's father comes. He ought to be here soon. Eve' won't you go?"

The girl shook her head. "We're doing this together, I thought."

Dr. Rankin arrived at daybreak. As he opened the door Dr. Oniel dropped the little wrist in which a feeble pulse was growing stronger. The older man hurried to the bedside. What he saw wiped out the agony in his ashen face. He turned to Dr. Oniel. For a moment the two men looked each other squarely in the eye. Then Dr. Rankin put out his hand. "Forgive me," he said in a voice thick with emotion. "I've been a dirty cur."

"It's all right," answered Dr. Oniel quietly extending his own hand.

"A lot has happened in the last twelve hours," Dr. Oniel said later as almost asleep he piloted Eve into the hotel elevator, and then "What do you say, Sweetheart, if we don't wait for the exams after all,—get married tonight before we go back?"

Eve's eyes were already half closed. "All right Robert dear, but we must get some sleep first. Then she smiled drowsily. "We don't want to go into this thing with our eyes shut."

PLAY

How old are you—not by the measure of years, but by the measure of play? If you have not experienced the joy of playing the game of life, you have never been young.

The spirit of play is the spirit of youth—activity, imagination, romance. It is the breath of joy in childhood days, it is the elixir of youth in after years.

Most activity becomes a game to the child. Mother may be too busy to be actually playing the game, but she may be such an interested onlooker that she becomes a partner in the fun. Partners in fun, mean partners in understanding and interest,—soul companionship which knows no age.

Don't settle down. Water dashing over rocks in the sunlight purifies itself. Don't live the lives of others in books, and limit your own adventures to the chair in which you sit.

More character habits are formed through play than through sermons.—*Rachel G. Taylor.*

What Christian Parents Can Teach Their Children

Address Delivered at Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1931
By Newell W. Edson Educational Director—American Social Hygiene Association

If one looks into the history of the church from the earliest times about which we know anything concerning organized religion, one is struck with the fact that the church has always been interested in the family. Any study of the church during the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages, for example, indicates the fact that the church was the bulwark of the family during these difficult and trying times.

The church is especially interested in the family at the present time. It seems to me very fitting that I have chosen this subject this morning, the Inter-relationship of the Church and Christian Parents with Family Life, and what we, as Christian parents, can teach our children regarding family life.

It is astonishing that only recently have we begun to regard, in any degree, the importance of family life. We have long taken it for granted, along with the well known provisions which make for the future of the child, yet the family, until the child can look out for his own food, and for his own shelter, and for his own protection, and for his own inspiration, has been the cradle of inspiration and opportunity for his self expression.

We are just beginning to realize, with regard to child study, how children have come to accept, in the early years, family standards and family tastes, and family vocabulary and family emotional responses.

Now modern child study indicates that the child is going through a long and a difficult process, which the family itself is responsible for. The school has recognized that for some time, but has not been particularly concerned about it, and I believe it has fallen to modern parent education to make us appreciate just what the family is doing to the young child by way of setting its stamp upon the child. I had a young father come to me and say, "Mr. Edson, I did not appreciate what it meant to have a child in my home until this youngster, at two or three, came to me, climbed upon my knee, and I began to realize that he was talking and acting, and I believe, thinking, the way I talk and act and think."

When we realize the parental unpreparedness, and the inadequacy of parents to set their stamp on their children, we begin to appreciate the need for this new development of parent education. When we realize what divorce, and what drifting homes do to children, how they fill the lives of children with disappointment and uncertainty, frequently making the children themselves drift, again we begin to comprehend what the home means to the child.

I think, if we are perfectly honest with ourselves, and sense what the home is doing to the child we will begin to appreciate the fact that most of us, as parents, are utterly inadequate for this job of parenthood. It is a tremendously difficult thing to acquire a profession while one is on the job in that profession itself.

The usual family education of the child is approached much like this. Here is the family group ministering to the comforts of the child. In the earliest years that group is measured from the child's point of view to the extent that the members help the child. Mother comes in for a large share of understanding, and I suppose the mother influence and the mother ideals are the earliest things that come to the child, and along with the mother influence and mother ministrations comes affection as a natural instinct. That means from the earliest years, the early days, if you please, the child gets a taste and even a hunger for affection along with his home experiences.

We find many of our boys and girls today who confess that they have a desire to pet in their relationship together, and will bring up petting experiences as one of the things that they want to discuss in a boy-girl relationship group. I have yet to talk with a group of boys or girls who do not care to bring up the matter of petting. It is an emotional experience in life, and yet they are not at all sure that it is the kind of procedure they want. Don't you see how it goes counter to their experiences in the association from the earliest years of intimacy and affection, and here they are showing affection to a person that they cannot be intimate with, a boy whom they do not know, or a girl whom they are a stranger to. I believe there is a place at which we can begin to discuss the conduct of boys and girls in some of their relationships today.

Along with these experiences that the child has in the home, the child gets father-mother experiences, father-children and mother-children experiences, and gradually the child begins to develop these relationships which build up, quite unconsciously in this young child responses that are the real foundation of his family life later on.

The child has his curiosities answered or rebuffed. Among these curiosities is life origin. My boy at four had a perfect mania for questions about where things came from: where did iron, copper and babies (all the same to him) come from. I had an experience with copper. I had lived in a town where there is a copper smelter, and so I started and told him that the copper comes from rock; they dug the rock from the ground, and they put it on to cars and took it to the mill and crushed it. I gave simple sentences and ideas. I did not get into the smelter before he was lost, and was on to something else.

A mother told me (and she was a rather cultured mother) that she had long faced the idea of telling her child about the story of life origin. She thought it was most important that her child should start right, and therefore when the child was about two years old, the mother commenced to delve into nature study, and apparently she did a very fine job for about two and a half years, so that when her child was four and a half, and asked her where babies came from, the mother, according to her story, took the child on her lap and started in with the embryo, and went through the reproduction in the plants, fishes and birds, then in mammals and then in humans. She said it took her about a hour and a half, and she apparently did a very effective job, because the child, aside from looking astounded asked no more questions until she was seven, and then she said to her mother one day, "Was I born with feathers on?" I congratulate that mother that she had succeeded in getting her child to the feather stage. Interesting, isn't it, what we use to hide our own

emotional response. If we are honest with ourselves, and know anything about children, we know that they have no emotional responses, with regard to where babies come from, or father-mother relationships, or in regard to sex conduct in or out of the home, except as we older people set these emotional responses. If we are ashamed, or afraid, or if we are emotionally disturbed, our youngsters have like feelings. That means then that along with the vocabulary we are teaching emotions, and that we are setting the stamp of our emotions on the child as well as the stamp of our conduct on the child from the earliest years. The child learns in the home that sex is a factor, a perfectly normal part of family life, a bond that holds mates together, a part of the family activity. He learns the fineness of the relationship between father and mother, and what the child means to the family. These things gradually seep into the child's mind, and make the background of his understanding of sex conduct. Then he gets out into the backyard and the street, and there sex is vulgar and nasty, and he goes absolutely counter to the home response. If he is a usual child he comes back to the family, and says in fact, "What about this?" There comes the first family test. Now I am not blaming parents for their emotional up-bringing. We men who have had the street tradition or the street effect of sex education do not want it, not any one of us went out to seek the vulgarity of the street, not one of us wanted anything except the finest of interpretations, but because it has been the tradition for so long to allow this particular thing to live on, we men have been the victims of that type of education. On the part of men I protest. I see no reason why men should be allowed to have the street type of education in respect to relationships that mean more to us in character building than any other human relationships we have. And the tragedy of it is that these same men who have had this type of training just because you and I are afraid to meet this situation, are the men who marry your daughters, with the finest of training and spiritual ideals with regard to the family, and we are going to leave unhappiness to our sons and daughters when they in turn try to do a better job of home-making than you and I have done. I am not surprised that our boys and girls are rising up in revolt. They have outgrown their childhood homes, and it is absolutely necessary that they should. They must be allowed to grow up; they must be allowed to assert their independence, even in sex conduct, because we have not definitely given them the ideals of the home and of the family, and what they mean to individuals and to the child, and yet these boys and girls, wise, scientifically minded, facing facts are more afraid of sex and sex conduct than they are of anything else because it is part of their up-bringing. They are getting their interpretation of sex, from the movies, from the magazines, from the front page of the newspaper, and from the exceptional conditions that are going on in our community. They want better homes than we. They come to me frequently and say, "Mr. Edson, if I have got to mess up marriage the way my parents, and the neighbors have, then I don't want anything to do with it." Some of our girls are considering whether they should marry or not. The old idea that the only vocation for a girl was marriage has gone, and with their economic independence, with their striving for sex equality, they are facing a totally different situation. Mar-

riage is not a matter of economic support or social position any longer. Marriage becomes for the modern boy or girl an opportunity for self expression. These youngsters, brought up with the best of training that we can give them, are looking forward to a finer type of home partnership than you or I ever thought of. They are focussing their ideals on the home, and are saying "We must do a better job of home-making than you have done, now give us the best of your human experience."

A boy said to me, "Why in the world is it that we have all the wrong interpretation of sex, why can't they give us some decent stuff?" and I think he expresses the feeling in the minds of a good many boys and girls. They feel the inadequacy of present homes, and our present sexual codes. Of course sexual codes must change along with our other codes, and because we are not helping them to make sound sex codes or sound sex conduct, they make their own. Do you appreciate the fact that you and I have been brought up in a generation where we just could not talk about sex? Not so our youngsters. They are talking and thinking about sex as frankly as anything else, and so far as I can discover, as wholesomely. They want a family life that is a far more real thing than you or I have been able to have, because we did not know how to do any better.

The attitude and ideals and standards that they are picking up now, are the things that they will carry over into their home partnership. We, along with a good many feel that love governs the whole situation, and because they no longer depend on the idea of the family for economic support, they are looking forward to home partnerships in which love, freedom, and happiness are the important factors, and they do not know what love or freedom or happiness are. I do not believe that you and I as parents, have begun to analyze these things. When I talk to groups of parents about love, and the various love experiences that the child goes through before he gets to the stage where he does what we call "fall in love" (I have always wondered where the fall came), these parents are perfectly astonished, and yet you go into the history of any child, and you begin to realize that he has had many kinds of love experiences which have gradually brought him to an understanding of love, and to hunger for a certain kind of love. That is the thing that he carries into his mate relationship. Isn't it obvious that nothing but the best of our human experiences in this situation, nothing but the finest interpretation we can give of the family is going to satisfy these boys and girls.

Monogamy is probably the oldest human experience that we have had, the oldest human relationship. We have tested every other kind of human relationship, and we go back to monogamy as the most suitable human experience, and yet what have you and I done to attempt to sell monogamy to our boys and girls? What can we do about it? I believe there are some rather definite things that you and I, as parents without any special training, but with a fine sympathetic attitude realizing that our boys and girls need help, can do. I want to give you some of these things this morning.

1. We must interpret families. We have so long taken the family for granted, and we have rather hoped that in some way this boy or girl would pick up some

ideals about the family, homemaking, marriage; that somehow they would grasp these things and go through all right. We allow our boys and girls to drift into the most difficult human relationship that we have (and marriage is that) the living together of two people who are emotionally, temperamentally, tremendously different. They are living together 24 hours out of the 24, under certain social restrictions that bind them together into certain codes, and the more complex society becomes the more difficult a process it is. If they are going to understand it at all, it seems to me they must realize what the family is for, how it originated, what it means to the community, what it means to a child to be put in a group where he is always picked on to come back to a place where he is always understood; for Mary to be in the one place where she can say just what she wants and feels that she is always understood.

Daily tasks build character, but whether they want to or not this relationship of these two mates does more to shape character than any other relationship they have. I have experimented enough with this to know they are hungry to get this kind of interpretation of what the family means. They can get this very early, I should say from 6 or 7 or 8 you can begin to interpret to your children what fatherhood and motherhood means, and they will begin to catch the significance of the love that binds these mates together. Early in the game they ought to have some very definite interpretations of those spiritual values that transform marriage from the mere living together 24 hours out of the day, into a fine relationship. Fair play, self control, sacrifice, admiration, the desire to serve without stinting; these are some of the bases of family relationship that they need to get worked into their ideals and into their habits long before they get to the stage where they are going to fall in love.

I realize that I in my conduct as a mere individual am responsible for the impression that I make on other people, and I am particularly responsible for the impression that I make on people who come close to me and people who love me. We as parents with all the wisdom that we have, have got to guide this boy-girl situation.

This generation will take the grades in sex conduct at 60 miles an hour exactly the way they take the grades in an automobile—it is a speedy generation, but I feel that if we as parents are willing earnestly and honestly to get their point of view and appreciate their frank open attitude towards sex and sex conduct, we will be able gradually to talk with them about the situations that come to them—why it is that Mary likes Bill; what did Charles and Evelyn get out of that elopement; what about this attitude of this boy and girl group who go out in the canyons and make scandal for the rest of the community. Our youngsters need to talk and think these things over, and build up their own codes and standards rather than to have us, as parents, say you must not do that, you must not do this or the other.

You can call it sex education, you can call it education for marriage and parenthood, or what you choose, but I feel it is the kind of thing our boys and girls need today in their tremendously difficult dilemma regarding sex conduct. They are getting plenty of the other type of education; they are getting plenty of things that baffle and disturb them; they need the help that we can give them by way of Christian interpretation of what the family is and what they may be in the family.

Autumn

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Awarded second prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest.

Autumn, the lusty lover, carries a banner red;
He rides through the fields and the forests
With his colors gayly spread.
A wastrel he is and a rover
And he loves for only a day;
But the leaves that he loves flash crimson—
And die—when he rides away.

The American's Creed

By Emeline Y. Nebeker

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-TWO! This is the year that all over the United States and in many other parts of the world the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of George Washington will be celebrated.

As planned by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, the celebration will not be confined to any one locality or to a few localities. It will be everywhere. The commission's request is as follows:

"Each of the programs should be opened with patriotic music, and then followed by the 'Pledge to the Flag' and 'The American's Creed'." The programs should be closed with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

No doubt we all can repeat the "Pledge to the Flag," "but how many of us know "The American's Creed," who wrote it, when it was written and how it came to be.

In 1916, when the country was in the throes of the World War, a contest for "A Creed" was conducted through the Press of the entire United States. This creed was to express the basic principles of American political faith. This contest was won and "The American's Creed" as we have it today, written by William Tyler Page, Clerk of the United States House of Representatives. It was adopted and promulgated by the Government's Committee on Publication in 1917; and accepted by the House of Representatives on behalf of the American people, April 3, 1918.

Mr. Page says:

"The American Creed is a summing up, in one hundred words, of the basic principles of American political faith. It is not an expression of individual opinion upon the obligations and duties of American citizenship or with respect to its rights and privileges. It is a summary of the fundamental principles of American political faith as set forth in its greatest documents, its worthiest traditions, and by its greatest leaders.

"Knowing the Apostles' Creed to have been a compilation expressing the Apostles' doctrine and principles, which they practiced long before the Creed was formulated, and that the source of its articles were the books of the Holy Bible, I resolved at once to write a civic creed of like form but of different substance. But where was I to find a secular bible, so to speak! Then the thought came to me: My sources of information must come from recognized, authoritative, historical documents. I did not want to use my own words. No creed worthy the name could be written in the words of any one man which could express the belief or the faith of many others. A Creed, it seemed to me, should contain those things to which its subscribers had believed all along, but which never had been brought together concretely. It must be a composite and so readily recognized as to be accepted without much, if any, controversy.

"To the Creed I added a key showing the sources of the various sentences."

The American's Creed

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

The Key

"The United States of America" Preamble of Constitution of U. S.

"A government of the people, by the people, for the people."—Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and Daniel Webster's speech in Senate, Jan. 26, 1830.

"Whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed."—Thos. Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence.

"A democracy in a republic."—James Madison in the Federalist No. 10; Article X of the Amendments to the Constitution.

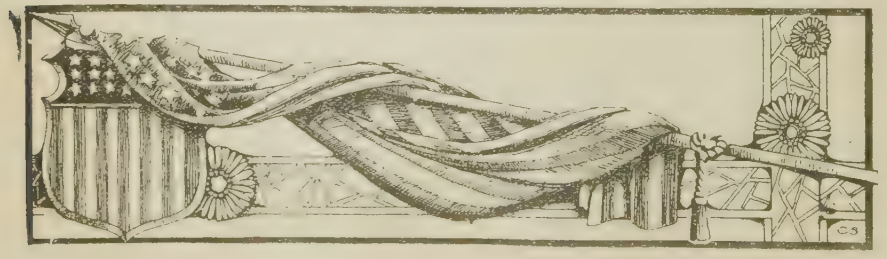
"A sovereign nation of many sovereign states."—"E Pluribus Unum," great seal of the U. S.; Article IX of the Constitution.

"A perfect union."

"To respect its Flag."—National Anthem, the "Star-Spangled Banner," Army and Navy Regulations.

"And to defend it against all enemies."—Oath of Allegiance, Section 1757, Revised Statutes of the U. S.

The writer deeply appreciates the courtesy extended by Mrs. Josephine Jane Woodruff Sarle for permission to quote from a personal letter she received from the author of The American's Creed.



Side Lights on the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

III

Form and Structure

IF the *Book of Mormon* is a modern composition—that is, if it was written by Solomon Spaulding or Sidney Rigdon or the unaided Joseph Smith—then its literary form and structure and details generally would bear the stamp of modernity.

But if, on the contrary, the Nephite Record is an ancient composition—that is, if Joseph Smith's account of its origin is true, that he translated it by divine power from gold plates given him by an angel—in this event the work would bear evidences of antiquity in form and structure and some of its details.

It is the purpose of the present article to examine, very briefly and inadequately, to be sure, some of the outstanding literary features of the book, with a view to ascertaining which of these corresponds with the facts in the case.

To begin with, let us see just how the case stands as to the real authorship of the *Book of Mormon.*

As everyone knows, the first theory, the theory of Joseph Smith's neighbors about the time the work appeared, was that Joseph Smith himself wrote it. Of course, they discounted the idea that he was divinely inspired to do so. What puzzled them, though, and piqued them as well, was that one of their own number, and one, too, whom they did not at all look up to, should have written a book. Nevertheless, there was nothing else to do than to believe that he had actually written it, because everything in the situation pointed that way. A year later Alexander Campbell, a Christian minister, accepted this idea as a fact.

And then came the Howe-Hulburt theory that Joseph Smith did not after all write the *Book of Mormon,* but that somebody else with more literary ability wrote it. And they looked about for that somebody. The result was the Spaulding-Rigdon theory.

According to this explanation Solomon Spaulding, who was a minister, wrote a manuscript about the first settlement of America by Romans. This manuscript he gave to a printer in Pittsburg to look over. By some means not yet clear Sidney Rigdon, also a minister, got hold of the manuscript, rewrote it, and then somehow turned it over to the Palmyra youth, who published it under the title *The Book of Mormon.*

Nowadays, however, no one with a knowledge of the facts in the case accepts this theory of the origin of the work. It is believed only by those who are satisfied with a catch phrase, which for some reason they do not care to examine. The theory fairly bristles with difficulties—the connection between the printer and Rigdon, for instance, the connection between Rigdon and the Prophet, and the lack of similarities between the Spaulding manuscript, which was discovered about fifty years afterwards, and the *Book of Mormon.*

And so today there is almost no one to dispute the idea that Joseph Smith, somehow, is the one responsible for the Nephite Record. The only question is, Did he compose it with or without divine aid? In other words, is it an original com-

position by him or is it a translation of an ancient book? John Fiske, an American historian, accepts the theory that Joseph Smith is the author of the work and thinks no special talent was necessary to write it.

IN literary structure the *Book of Mormon* is complex rather than simple.

If the work were simple in form, it would carry but one thread of action throughout. That is to say, it would begin with the little colony that left Jerusalem six hundred years before Christ and follow their fortunes as they developed into a nation and then lost their national identity in the darkness that came on about four hundred years after Christ. In this event the narrative would be simple in its literary structure.

But the book does not do that. On the contrary, the narrative is full of digressions, interrupted by comments, explanations, and expositions of doctrine.

The story begins with the departure of Lehi's family and a few others from Palestine. Thence it carries the action forward across the sea to the Land of Promise, till they divide into the Nephites and the Lamanites. This, with some further action, covers the first one hundred and thirty-two pages of the current edition of the Record—from about 600 B. C. to about 200 B. C. This would be a period of about four hundred years. As a matter of fact, however, the greater portion of this is not narrative at all, but discussion and quotation.

If the entire period of Nephite history were written on this scale (less than four hundred years in one hundred thirty-two pages) and if we omit the quotations, then we should have a book of only about two hundred seventy-five pages.

The rest of the book is even more complex. But here the complications are in the narrative mainly, although in this part, too, there are long quotations and expositions of doctrine. During the whole period, of course, the two threads involving the two peoples are maintained. And then, after the lapse of about four hundred years, we learn for the first time that there have been people living on the continent almost from the time the Lehites arrived here, namely, the Mulekites, who also were Jews from Palestine. There are detours here, too, from the main narrative in the form of accounts of a missionary expedition and a new colony planted in the old home of the Nephites. Meanwhile, foreign wars and internal rebellion distract attention from the principal line of action. To cap the climax, we have at the end of the volume, by way of an after-thought, it would appear, a thirty-two-page abridgment of the record of a still different people, who occupied the continent before the coming of the Nephite-Mulekite nation; also some isolated documents giving the religious forms used among the Nephites in the days after Christ.

Not including the quotations, which are rather numerous here, too, the account of the events occurring in this period is given seven-tenths of a page per year. If the entire period of Nephite history were written on this scale, we should have a volume of almost exactly two hundred pages more than we have in our current edition of the *Book of Mormon,* or seven hundred twenty-five pages.

This involved structure is certainly not modern. It is far from what anyone would write even in the

first years of the nineteenth century. On the contrary, it is the kind of thing we might expect of a translation made after the fashion that Joseph Smith says the *Book of Mormon* was done. In a word, the structure is that of a translation of an ancient document, not of an original composition.

If the *Book of Mormon* were of modern origin, it is probable that its form and structure would be more modern in appearance than it is. That is, greater use would doubtless be made of the forms in which books were cast, even in the early nineteenth century—chapters, section headings, and the rest.

There is a story to the effect that the typesetter at the printer's in Palmyra offered to make such alterations in the form as would bring it into greater conformity with modern usage. But the Prophet, although grateful for the suggestion, would not allow any changes. If he had composed the work, it is likely that he would have welcomed any suggestion that might make the book more modern in appearance. But as it was, he acted on the assumption that the book was not his, that he was only its translator, that he had been inspired in his work of doing it into English, and that, therefore, it should appear as much like the original in form as possible.

SO much for the larger literary aspect of the Nephite Record. There is, however, another aspect in the same line of thought which deserves attention, although not so obvious to the casual reader until it is pointed out. It is the spirit of unity in the work, the manner in which the details are selected so as to create a single effect.

In all literary composition particulars crowd upon the mind in the most confusing variety. Unless there is a selective principle in the mind, all these particulars look alike in importance. Especially is this the case with the untrained writer of books. As soon, however, as some general principle of selection makes its appearance, the details all fall into their place, on the basis of their importance and relevancy.

When the material to be shaped into an article or a book is concrete —that is, when it involves persons, things, and happenings, as in fiction and history—the task is difficult enough. But when, as in the *Book of Mormon,* ideas are the main thing and these ideas are brought out by means largely of persons and events, the difficulties are greatly increased. When, therefore, Professor Fiske tells us that the only ability needed in the composition of the Nephite Record is an acquaintance with the language of the *Bible,* he is surely not thinking of the intellectual strength and fiber necessary to whip a vast number of details into shape so as to create in the reader a single impression of theme and spirit.

The purpose of the *Book of Mormon* is not to give a picture of the political or the social or the artistic life of its peoples. If that were the case, we should have a very different set of details from those now in the book. The purpose of the *Book of Mormon,* on the contrary, is to give a picture of the moral and spiritual life of those peoples in relation to the will of God.

This is perfectly clear from what Nephi, the first writer in the book and the real founder of the Nephite nation, says on the subject in the very beginning.

"It mattereth not to me," he says (First Nephi, chapter 6, verses 3 to 6, inclusive) "that I am particular to give a full account of all the

things of my father, for they cannot be written upon these plates, for I desire the room that I may write of the things of God. The fulness of mine intent is that I may persuade men to come unto the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, and be saved.

Wherefore, the things which are pleasing unto the world I do not write, but the things which are pleasing unto God and unto those who are not of the world. And I give commandment unto my seed that they shall not occupy these plates with things which are not of worth unto the children of men."

These words were said, of course, to those historians who were to set an account on the "smaller plates." But they were heeded also by Mormon, who made an abridgment of the "larger plates" of Nephi in what we now call the *Book of Mormon*. So that this record may be said to be a working out of this fundamental idea. In other words, the principle of selection adopted by the writers of the first one hundred thirty-two pages of the book and by Mormon and Moroni, was this thought expressed by Nephi on the very threshold of his literary undertaking.

THERE is a singular thing about the *Book of Mormon*: A very great deal of the material centers in its personalities. Almost it might be said that the work is a series of character sketches on the religious side. No book better carries out Carlyle's theory—that history is the biography of its great men. Eliminate Nephi, Lehi, Benjamin, the two Mosiahs, the two Almas, Ammon, the two Moronis, the Nephis of a later period, Samuel the Lamanite, Mormon—and where are we in the *Book of Mormon?* Even the "bad" men in the work—Korihor, Nehor, Amalickiah, and the rest—are but foils to accentuate the good qualities of the book's chief characters. What its main personalities think, what they say, what they do, their relation to God and their fellows, their influence on others, how events affect them—this is what the writers of the *Book of Mormon* are concerned with chiefly.

This biographical feature of the Nephite Record has been noted by a critic of Joseph Smith and used to the Prophet's disadvantage in connection with the *Book of Mormon*.

Nephi and Joseph Smith, the critic says, are one and the same person. And he bases this assertion on some similarities between the two. Joseph and Nephi are both very young; they are "large of stature;" their fathers are both visionary; and they are themselves given to "seeing things."

And this is true as far as it goes. But there the resemblance ends, and the differences begin. It is true, too, that both Nephi and Joseph use the pronoun "I" a great deal in their writings. But there is no likeness whatever between the things that happen to Nephi and the things that happen to Joseph Smith.

And this is remarkable. For, in spite of everything, authors unconsciously insinuate themselves, their thoughts, and their doings into their original compositions. Sometimes these are hard to discover, so effectively have they been disguised—harder in the case of skilled writers than in inexperienced. But they are there just the same. There is none of this, however, in the *Book of Mormon*.

Aside from the resemblances pointed out between Joseph Smith and Nephi and a few others—the

reference to secret societies, for example, and to infant baptism—it is astonishing that so few similarities between the two periods and persons can be found in the *Book of Mormon*. And these, as a matter of fact, are easily accounted for, without resorting to the theory that Joseph Smith wrote the Nephite Record out of his own head.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

ADVERSITY may be a blessing in disguise, for have not the sorrows of the recent depression made "the whole world kin?"

SIGNORA ANTOINIETTA GRANDI was the most beautiful and popular of the women who accompanied foreign delegates to Washington this past winter. Though a quiet Italian mother, she understood all the arts of feminine bewitchery. For a ten-day stay in America she brought eight trunks filled with lovely apparel. Though her jewels and shimmering gowns offset her loveliness, they were less brilliant than her wit.

MRS. WILLIAM C. HAMMER, general manager of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, is at present the only woman to hold such a position. In operatic history, there have been only three women general operatic directors—the others are Mary Garden of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Signorina Anita Colombo of La Scala Opera, Milan, Italy.

A GOLDEN voice indeed has Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Besides her salary she receives $3,000 an appearance in concert, and $5,000 apiece for her broadcasts.

MISS LYLE SPARKS, president of the Decorators Club of New York, was appointed chairman of President Hoover's committee on Home Furnishings and Decorations. Miss Sparks is considered one of the best authorities on interior decoration in the United States.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON, noted astronomer, in a recent editorial makes a plea to women to let the new discoveries affect the superstitions and ignorant belief in horoscopes and astrology handed down from the Middle Ages. Miss Cannon is one of the most distinguished scientists in the world. No less than four honorary degrees have been given her for her contribution to astronomy. She was made Doctor of Science of Oxford University and is the only woman to receive an honorary degree from that institution. She is a member of the Harvard University faculty and curator of the astronomical photographs at Harvard Observatory.

MISS DOROTHEA BRAND, associate editor of the *Bookman*, is much sought after in New York literary circles to lead discussions on short stories and kindred subjects. Besides being an editor and writer of books, Miss Brand spent many years coaching novelists and writers how to make their work salable.

THE Governor of Rome has proclaimed a begetting contest for the encouragement of motherhood. The major prize is an apartment dwelling, rent free for thirty years, after which time the couple become

sole owners, providing they are good Roman citizens of the Fascist party.

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY, at seventy-five, is still engaged in her literary calling. Besides writing books, she originated the American agency for foreign authors and playwrights. To her America is indebted for first hand knowledge of the plays of Sardou, Shaw and Barrie. In her new book, *The Crystal Ball,* one may trace her unusual and interesting life work.

THE LADY WITH A LAMP is the new play dramatized from Lytton Strachey's biography of Florence Nightingale in his book called *Eminent Victorians,* a book of fine achievement which the critics declare proves that biographical writing need no longer be dry statements but a combination of science and art.

JEANETTE EATON'S third study of remarkable women of the past is of Catharine Banincara. The new book is called *The Flame* and is said to be a valiant undertaking in this day of modern thought and cynicism. It is brilliantly done and has many exquisite passages.

FRANCES, Countess of Warwick, that high-born beauty of the court of Edward VII and still at 70 the leader of English society, has just written and published her memoirs, "Discretions".

The Countess with rare delicacy of touch gives pen pictures of notables and celebrities of the last 50 years and through the fascinating pages one meets men and women who walked the stage of public life through all her yesterdays. Clever anecdotes and rare bon mots of wit and philosophy are there. One chapter called "Masterful Americans" will certainly be read with interest on this side of the water.

THE Order of Lenin, the highest honor bestowed by the Soviet Government, has been awarded Lidia Isakovna Kovarskaya, age 23, for her work as an executive. At 17 Kovarskaya became manager of a knitting factory employing 1500 workers. At present she is engaged in social work outside Moscow.

THE first woman in the world to sit officially in a major international conference is Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College for the past thirty-two years. She was appointed a member of the American delegation by President Hoover for her outstanding position for world understanding in solving its difficulties without force of arms, and because "the whole question of disarmament is and has been of profound interest to the women of the United States." Miss Woolley is a typical New Englander and accepts for women only those things "modern" which elevate, uplift and maintain high standards and clean living. She declares that she never says startling things, but her short and pertinent phrase, "Only a woman knows what a man costs," is a sample of how she makes her points tell in her arguments against war.

MISS JANE ADDAMS has announced that she will give her share of the Nobel Peace Prize to the International League for Peace. The prize this year was $31,369, to be equally divided between Miss Addams and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

WILLA CATHER'S latest novel "Shadows on the Rock" is a story of Quebec. Though all Miss Cather's novels are superbly written, according to the critics none has yet approached "Death Comes to the Archbishop."

Into Whatsoever House

By Fontella S. Calder

OH, dear, I can't seem to make it go right!" sighed Pamela Brent, as she bent anxiously over her sewing. There were two worried lines in her brow, and the corners of her mouth drooped forlornly. If you had observed closely they might also have seen an occasional tear find its way down on the material she was trying to fashion into a coat, for her little four year old daughter.

Donna was ,at this very moment, tossing in a feverish sleep. Every time that hoarse cough came from the direction of the couch, it gave a tug at Pamela's heart. "I really must do something for the child," she said. "There isn't a thing in the house I could rub on her chest—and no money!"

There was that word, money, again. How it had ocupied her mind these last few weeks. Besides the usual household expenses there was Celia, in her first year at high school—and Robert. Only that morning Robert had said, "Say, Moms, when do I get some new shoes? I met Miss Blake, my Sunday School teacher, last night. She wanted to know why I hadn't been to Sunday School lately. Gee, I didn't want to tell her it was because I didn't have any decent shoes." It did take a lot of shoes for an active, healthy boy of nine!

There was also the problem of a new coat for herself. She had worn her present one three seasons. True, it had been a beautiful, expensive coat; and did not look badly worn. But three seasons were just the limit for any coat, no matter how it looked!

Things in the Brent household had been at high tension for weeks. The little savings were exhausted; winter was approaching and John Brent was without work.

It seemed a shame that the depression which was sweeping the world, should so mercilessly creep into happy homes; upsetting the peace and love abiding there, with thin excuses for complaints and unkind words.

John Brent was a carpenter in a small town, and until the present time, had made a comfortable living for his little family.

It was no wonder that Pamela's lovely face was clouded with discouragement, as one distressing thought after another, passed through her mind. "If only John hadn't said what he did this morning before he went away." With a sigh, she glanced around the disorderly room, at the three Jack-o-lanterns, whose grinning faces seemed to mock her. Only that morning little Donna in her play had carried them from the back porch, where they had been discarded by the children, after their hallowe'en frolic the previous Saturday.

Of course, she knew, in her heart, that John had not intended to be cruel. It was because he was so worried. But it had seemed so unkind to her and the children, when he had said: "The very idea, three perfectly good pumpkins wasted, and people in the world starving to death! Seems to me they might have been put to better use baked into pies, like my mother used to make!" and John knew she never

had achieved a right successful pumpkin pie. He knew, too, she was thrifty, and never let anything go to waste.

With a sudden angry start, she laid aside her sewing and arose to remove the offending pumpkin faces. As she did so another rasping cough came from the child on the couch, giving her nerves another tightning tug.

Approaching the door, laden with the Jack-o-lanterns, she was startled by a knock—"Another collector I suppose," she complained as she deposited her burden on the kitchen table, and turned to the living room door. When the door was opened, however, she was not greeted by the expected collector, but by two pleasant-faced women. The elder of the two spoke in a kind, gentle voice:

"How do you do, Sister Brent. We are the New Relief Society teachers on this block. We are very happy to find you here today. You were not at home last month when we called."

Pamela extended her hand, first to Sister Benson, and then to Sister Miller. As she invited them to be seated there seemed to flash over her consciousness the reason for the increasing troubles of the past two months. She had missed the visiting teachers. Then Celia had felt she needed a new dress; had stayed from church. In fact, during the past two months there had never been a time, when they had all seemed suitably outfitted to go to church. So they had remained at home, inventing one flimsy excuse after another, until the spirit of God had ceased to dwell in their hearts.

"We are sorry you have a sick child, Sister Brent. What are you doing for her cold?" This from Sister Benson, who was always solicitous at the least signs of approaching illness.

Pamela was a bit confused as she confessed she had done nothing. "She seemed all right this morning. It is just since she lay down after luncheon that this cough started; and I didn't have a thing to doctor her with."

"Mustard plasters are very good," said Sister Benson, who was somewhat of an authority, having raised a family of eight children in the days when drug store preparations were little used.

"Well, I really never thought of that," Pamela admitted. "My children have always been healthy. They have seldom had even a cold, so I haven't had much experience with mustard plasters."

"You are indeed fortunate to have your children so healthy, Sister Brent. If you have the mustard I would be glad to prepare a plaster for you." The necessary articles were quickly produced.

While the plaster was being prepared by Sister Benson, Pamela was telling of her difficulties with the coat she was trying to make to the interested Sister Miller, who said:

"I believe I can help you with that, because I just completed a made-over one, for my article to the Relief Society this year."

Pamela smiled her appreciation as she said "I didn't use to be so dumb when we were taking domestic art together in high school. Little did I expect then that I would be reduced to the necessity of making coats for my children out of old ones. It's humiliating!"

"It is very interesting," corrected Sister Miller; and seeing here an opening for that month's topic, she continued, "Pamela, what is the cause of the trouble in the world

today? Isn't it because people have been striving for worldly goods and riches, and forgetting to keep the commandments of God? Jesus said, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you'." Then Sister Miller read some beautiful quotations from the Relief Society magazine. As they were discussed by the three women, a great peace came into the heart of Pamela Brent; entirely erasing the tired discouraged lines from her face, and turning up the corners of her mouth in a pleasant smile.

"Oh, by the way," said Sister Benson, as the two women prepared to leave, "seeing those Jack-o-lanterns out there in the kitchen reminded me that I have here"—and she reached in her purse—"a recipe for delicious pumpkin pie; if you would like to have it, Sister Brent. It was given me by my new neighbor who says it comes straight from her mother's kitchen in New England."

One could hardly describe the happy light in Pamela's eyes, as she received the recipe and thought of the surprise in store for John.

It was a changed woman, who closed the door behind her departing guests, after bidding them come again, and promising that she would try to attend Relief Society more regularly in the future. With peace in her soul, and a prayer on her lips that God would make her baby well soon, she turned to care for little Donna.

After following the advice of Sister Benson, she sat by the little one's bedside until restful sleep and easy breathing told her that her little daughter would soon be well. Then she quietly hurried out to the kitchen where the Jack-o-lanterns still grinned at her from the table. But this time she laughed back—"Why you old ugly pumpkin faces, I believe I can still make a pie out of you! and when Robert comes from school I'll have him kill a chicken." She laughed to herself at the surprise in store for her family as her nimble fingers prepared the pastry for the pies, and set it in the ice-box to chill.

"I'm so anxious to get at that coat," Pamela continued, still talking to the pumpkins she was now slicing and trimming carefully. "It looks so cunning now that Sister Miller has basted it together just as it should go—and Robbie's shoes—I really must look at those shoes; perhaps if they were polished and had some new laces they wouldn't be so bad. It isn't right for me to encourage the child to stay from Sunday School because his shoes are a little shabby. It is teaching him to place value on the wrong things in life."

Pamela heard her husband whistling as he approached the house that evening. She listened in astonishment, because he hadn't done that for weeks. She soon learned the reason for his joviality, however. He caught her in his arms, as he entered the door, and waltzed her around the room, fairly shouting as he did so—"Pam dear, I've the jolliest news—Doc. Wilson—bless his heart—well, you know, he took over the old Johnson property last spring; and now he has conceived the idea of doing some developing while prices are low. He is going to take those two old ramshackle houses and make them over, into modern apartments—and that means work for your old man, and a new coat for his little wife!"

Pamela's face was glowing as she said, "Why, John, that is splendid. I am so glad—but, I have decided

to wear my old coat another winter. Come dear, supper is waiting."

No word could describe the rapture in John Brent's eyes as his lips closed over that pie. "May I have another piece, Pam dear? I can remember one time when my mother had baked some pies, just like this—," and Pamela's husband was off on one of his reminiscences. But Pamela had heard enough; as she gave all her attention to the chicken broth she was feeding the smiling Donna, she was sure she had nothing more to wish for.

In the meantime, Sister Benson and Sister Miller had finished visiting the block assigned to them. As they approached the sanctuary of their own homes they repeated the words that had been their guide that day: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."

The white silence of winter, broken by the murmuring of a winter stream—Wood river, in the Sawtooth national forest of Idaho. Note the bareness of the trees, stretching their naked limbs skyward toward the sun, as if seeking warmth of his rays.

Acrostic—February

February; thou art like unto my soul.
Ever I am waiting for spring to unfold.
Be steadfast and true, my soul, like the months,
Remain in thy strength like the sod of the field,
Unmoved by the passing events of the world,
Aided by faith in thy infinite goal,
Rest thee in peace and love and faith.
Your time of joy is now—Be not afraid.—*Bertha W. Pratt.*

Notes to the Field

An Ispirational Call

AT our April Conference, 1930, President Louise Y. Robison asked all Relief Society women of the Church to donate one article, either new or remodeled, for the benefit of the needy. The article could range in value from 10c to any amount one desired to give.* Had all the wards and stakes responded to this call there would have been a big supply of needed things to meet the present distress.

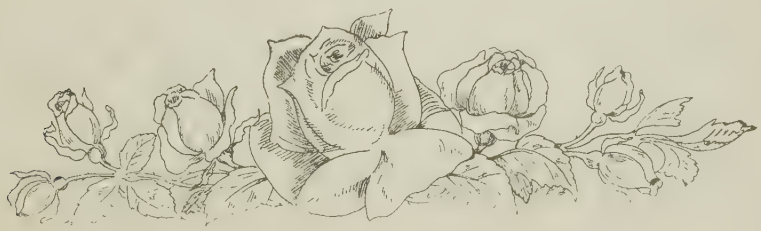
We reprint part of President Robison's instructions given in the April, 1931, conference, and hope that all our stakes will make this much needed collection.

"Last spring we asked that all of the Relief Society women of the Church donate one article, either a new article or made-over or remodeled article, for the benefit of those in need. It seems in some stakes this has hardly been understood, and they have not known what to do with the articles when they were collected. You can have the articles range in price from ten cents to any amount, even to a pair of blankets, if anyone would care to give that much.

"Look about you and see if all the children are taken care of, that no little child is going to school humiliated because of its clothing. It is a cruel thing for a child to have to go to school or Sunday School and be ashamed because its clothing is worn. Take care of your ward out of this contribution, then if you have your ward supplied, (and we do have wards where these is very little or no need, but we still expect and hope that these sisters in such wards will contribute), and you still have a surplus, have the ward president speak to the stake president about this. In almost every stake there will be one ward where there is greater need than in other wards.

"Other women's organizations do this type of work. Last year the Needlework Guild of America supplied 1,300,000 articles. To be a member of the Needlework Guild one must donate two articles a year, or an equivalent amount of money. These are given to the Red Cross or to any group that are in need. We are not trying to take care of the world, but sisters of the Relief Society, do you not think this Relief Society is strong enough to take care of every Latter-day Saint child there is in this Church? Don't you think it is our calling, as mothers of the Church, to see that there is not a child in this whole Church suffering?"

*Definite instructions regarding this clothing contribution will be found in the *Relief Society Handbook,* page 176.



Notes from the Field

Sarah Beattie Barnes, Blanche Davis Rees, Sarah T. South
Amelia Wardrop, Mary J. G. Burton

Grant Stake (Burton Ward).

BURTON WARD, Grant Stake, is located immediately south of McKinley Ward, having been made from a portion of the old Farmers' Ward, in 1914, Henry G. Burton, bishop. On May 5, 1931, the Relief Society of Burton Ward reached its seventeenth birthday.

The first meeting was held at the home of the late Alfred J. Burton, and Amelia Wardrop was sustained as president with Ella Free Kimball and Mary J. Gardner Burton as counselors. Sister Wardrop was counselor in the old Farmers' Ward at the time of the reorganization. Prior to this she had been the president of the 12-13th Ward. She entered into the work as an experienced faithful leader, personally in touch with every phase of the work. The chapel was built during her presidency. When conditions made it necessary to divide the Burton Ward she found herself in the new Wells Ward, where she was made Relief Society president. This was the third time she had been chosen as the first president of a ward Relief Society. That in itself is a high tribute to her worth. It is interesting, too, that she lived in three wards at different times while occupying the same house. Born on June 27, 1855, she was 76 years of age, and sailed for Europe in August, 1931, as a guest of the

United States Government. Her son, Starr Clifton Wardrop, was drowned in the service of the Navy.

Mary J. G. Burton was voted in as first counselor to Sister Wadrop October 22, 1916, upon the death of Sister Kimball, acting as such until September 14, 1918, when she was sustained as the president. Her cheerful spirit spread sunshine wherever she found it necessary to labor, and the good feeling of love and spirituality was commended by those who attended the gatherings of this organization. Sister Burton moved from the ward at the close of 1922, and Sarah T. South was chosen by Bishop Miller to fill the vacancy, being sustained president January 16, 1923. At this time the population of Burton Ward represented seventeen different nationalities, who worked together harmoniously supporting the bishopric, of which an outstanding achievement was the erecting of the amusement hall.

Sarah Beattie Barnes was made president following the appointment of Sister South as Relief Society stake secretary. She was called to this position and sustained September 26, 1926. The work progressed under her kind and gentle supervision, and she made many lasting friends.

In 1928, Sister Barnes moved from the ward, and Blanch Davis Rees was chosen as her successor, being sustained October 14, 1928. Sister Reese has filled a mission and held other positions of trust, and she is meeting the new phase of the great Relief Society work successfully. In the last call for *Magazine* subscriptions, Burton Ward won the stake prize. The membership and attendance is also steadily increasing. The star quilt is a favorite with this ward—the sisters have made a great many which are to be found in different localities of the country.

The five presidents shown in the picture are still living, three of them continue to reside in Burton Ward —Sister Reese, president; Sister Barnes, who has returned and is now a counselor to Sister Reese; and Sister South, a stake member.

North Sevier Stake.

THE value of having a yearly plan for Work and Business Meeting has been demonstrated by many of our stakes, who make of this one of the most important days of Relief Society activity. The following fine constructive plan from the North Sevier stake indicates great care in the preparation of a yearly program:

October 13: School lunches; school clothing; aprons for children and women; patterns for remodeling; crochet cushions and hooked rugs; planting of Fall bulbs and caring for them over Winter. November 10: Thanksgiving menus, recipes and demonstrations; games —how to amuse most profitably, and what are the best play things for constructive growth; games in the home; stories in the home. December 8: Christmas suggestions; recipes for candies; demonstration of candies; painting vases; pillows, hot-pad holders; parties—games, menus, favors, decorations. January 12: Infant feeding and clothing—layette complete with patterns; fagoting, smocking, hairpin lace, Spanish work; exchange of quilt blocks and patterns. February 9: Program for Washington Bicentennial. March 8: Planting trees, shrubs, rock gardens, etc.; Spring clothes, sun-suits, bonnets, underwear. April 12: Planting vegetable and flower gardens; exchange of bulbs and seeds;

suggestions for house cleaning—formulas for paper and wall cleaner, floor wax and varnishes. May 10: Give short talk on storing of Winter clothing; short talk on redecorating homes, painting, color schemes, etc.; suggestions on making curtains and blinds. June 14: Demonstration in canning early fruit, samples to be contributed to Society; demonstration of Summer salads, drinks and foods.

Teton Stake:

A VERY successful flower carnival was held at the Teton stake house in Driggs, Idaho, on August 30, 1931. There were six wards participating in the contest, every one of which received prizes and honorable mention for the display. There was very fine work accomplished through the efforts of the Relief Society in cooperation with some of the civic organizations, and it was a demonstration of the fact that beautiful flowers can be produced if the effort is made. It is the hope of this stake to make the flower carnival a yearly event, constantly growing larger and better.

A free clinic for children was held in the stake for a period of two days, July 15 and 16. At this time more than 300 children were examined and some follow-up work was done.

Hyrum Stake:

THE annual stake social of the Hyrum stake Relief Society was held in honor of the officers and visiting teachers August 26, 1931, at 2:30 p. m. The scene of this pleasant event was the Hyrum First Ward Chapel. The social this year was also to commemorate the founding of the Hyrum stake Relief Society thirty years ago. The Relief Society stake president, Mrs. Laura L. Christensen, was in charge, and a very delightful program, historical and entertaining, was presented. It was in reality a historical review of the past thirty years. This was followed by a symbolic representation of Relief Society accomplishments by thirty former and present board members, who each in turn lighted a candle which decorated the large birthday cake. After the program, punch, cake and melons were served to 400 people. A highly interesting feature was the presence of three executive officers of the first organization. An extensive history of the activities, and the various officers of the Society from 1901 to the present date had been compiled, together with reviews of the various activities engaged in, and prose and poetical contributions from members of the various ward societies which will form a permanent record of references for future time.

St. George Stake.

RELIEF SOCIETY Teachers' Conventions were held in Enterprise on October 13, 1931, and in St. George on October 18, 1931, for the wards in the vicinities. Inspirational talks were given by stake board members on the value of the visiting teachers' work, after which demonstrations on "Ineffective" and "Effective" teaching, were presented by members from various wards. In the Effective demonstration, the topic "Our Responsibility to Ourselves" was made very impressive to the hostess, and she was made to feel the benefit to be obtained spiritually, intellectually, physically and mentally by attending Relief Society.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Bicentenary of George Washington

IN a unique and beautiful way the people of the United States are celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of their first president, showing appreciation for his splendid services, and paying tribute to his beautiful life. They are honoring him by planting tens of thousands of trees, living memorials to one who loved trees and all Nature so devotedly. In schools and churches, in clubs and on public platforms, will instances of his life be retold and quotations from his writings and utterances be voiced. The press of the country will add its peans of praise to him whose integrity, ability, and patriotic service have stood out during these two centuries. Time hurls down the unworthy from their pedestals and portrays more truly the worthy than is possible amidst the heat of the adulation of one's contemporaries.

George Washington inherited, lived, and passed on to his fellow countrymen his family attributes, "justice to man and faith in God." We often hear him called the father of his country, and this is no mean appellation, for to be the father of such a country as the United States is honor indescribable. He is held up as the military leader, as the great president who with his associates formed the colonies, that had hitherto owed foreign allegiance, into a great American union. But seldom do we hear of "George Washington, the Christian gentleman," yet from childhood to his death he was a devout Christian.

After the passing of his father, though he was but eleven years old,

he was called upon, being the eldest son, to lead in family prayer. Throughout his life he called upon his Father frequently for aid and guidance, and gave him thanks for the blessings he had received and for the miraculous protection that had been accorded him. When he retired from the presidency, after reviewing the incidents of his administration, he said, "I may have committed errors. Whatever they may be I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may attend."

He said, "It is impossible to reason without arriving at a Supreme Being," and having this deep conviction, he reverently affirmed, "I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine vital religion." He was tolerant of the religious worship of others and felt that: "Every man conducting himself as a good citizen and being accountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshiping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience."

In his private and public life he participated in church activity. He attended religious services and held responsible positions in his church. Under his direction Sunday service was observed in the army. He said, "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports."

Throughout his military career, from the time he was placed in command of the troops of Virginia in 1754, to his farewell address to the armies of the United States, by example and by precept he sought to turn the hearts of his soldiers toward religion and morality, and to impress upon them the importance of cleanliness of body, mind and spirit. In his Farewell Address when he retired from the presidency of the United States, he expressed the thought that national morality cannot prevail if religious principle be excluded. He said, "Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the Courts of Justice?"

His love of justice and fair play is shown in his letter written to Benedict Arnold who was given command of a detachment of the Continental Army against Quebec. He said, "While we are contending for our own liberty, we should be very cautious of violating the Rights of Conscience in others, ever considering that God alone is the judge of the Hearts of men and to Him only in this case, they are answerable."

Because of his religious faith, death had no terrors for him. On one occasion, when sorely ill, he said to his physician, "Do not flatter me with vain hopes; I am not afraid to die. * * * Whether tonight or twenty years hence makes no difference—I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." In his last illness, as the Angel of Death approached, he resolutely said, "I am not afraid to go."

Leisure Time

THE importance of the way people spend their leisure is being more and more clearly understood. When they are at work they are, generally speaking, safe. Danger lurks in the leisure hours if they

are not wisely spent. When one pursues the activities that lure him most strongly he is either building himself physically, mentally or spiritually or he is partaking of dead sea apples than canker his soul.

The necessity of careful supervision of leisure hours is becoming more and more apparent. A shorter working day and a five day working week are being agitated. If these come more leisure will be the lot of the workers and the need for direction and supervision will be greater.

We are proud of the success that is attending the leisure time program under the able leadership of the M. I. A. Here again is shown how the Church looks after the well being of its people and how zealously it safeguards their interest.

The M. I. A. is training leaders to meet the need. An army of enthusiastic young people are wholeheartedly giving time and thought to the needs of the people and are correlating the work so that there shall be no friction nor overlapping.

We bespeak the close cooperation and the heartiest supportt of all our Relief Society officers and members in the Leisure Time Program outlined and supervised by the M. I. A.

Funerals

FUNERALS, it has often been said, are for the living, not for the dead. In the hurry of life 'tis well when a loved one passes to pause and with tender hearts, appreciative feelings and loving memories gather to pay respect to the departed and comfort to the bereaved. The links of friendship formed in childhood, youth, mature age, are welded as the friends assemble and in memory list the virtues of the friend gone before. In song, eulogy, prayer and sermon the listeners' minds are focused on the worthwhile things of life and on the hopes of the world beyond. Not the wealth nor the rank nor the title of the deceased are considered, but appreciation for the virtues he exhibited, for the struggles he endured, for the victories he won, fill the minds of those assembled. In chastened mood, with mellowed hearts, the friends disperse resolved to live better lives so that they, too, may be ready for the summons home.

Our Savior

By Elsie E. Barrett

Oh marvelous intelligence
To reach such heights of emminence
That wind and wave obey His will.
All elements His Calls fulfill.
Oh wonderful that we can be
Partakers of His sympathy;
That He can save us from our sin;
That we can be to Him akin.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

Select Readings: Study Alma, chapters 12 to 15, inclusive. How many distinct ideas on religion are given here? What are they?

Book of Mormon: In What Does Goodness Consist?

Nephite leaders of thought had an idea that religion ought to begin at this end instead of the other end of life. To this idea we have already called attention.

Also we have remarked upon the bearing of this conception on the divine origin of the *Book of Mormon*. If Joseph Smith were the uninspired author of that record, he would most probably have been more concerned in the remote than in the near-by in theology, as his contemporaries were.

In nothing is this tendency to consider the near-end of religion in the *Book of Mormon* more pronounced than in the subject of the present lesson. The highly moral tone of the Gold Bible was what struck early converts to "Mormonism." It impressed the practical-minded George Q. Cannon, whose words we have quoted elsewhere. And it greatly impressed Willard Richards. After he had read the *Book of Mormon* twice in ten days and before he had joined the church, he said, "Either God or the devil has had a hand in that book, for man never wrote it."

The Nephites had a high conception of the value of the human personality. That we have also considered. It would follow, from this conception, that they would condemn severally all forms of murder and that they would safeguard human life in every way. And this they did.

"Wo unto the murderer who deliberately killeth," says the prophet Jacob, brother of Nephi the First, "for he shall die." That was in the fifth century B. C., when the Lehites had been on the American continent but a few years. They brought this law with them from Palestine—an echo of the Ten Commandments. But observe its form. The murderer "who deliberately killeth." This phrase takes into consideration the condition under which any murder is committed. Is this phrase an outgrowth of Nephi's experience with Laban at the time he got the Brass Plates?

This strong condemnation of murder is in harmony with what is said elsewhere in the Record on the point. The same authority—Jacob—places murder as one of the "secret works of darkness" in the land, which must be destroyed. (II Nephi, 10:15.) In one of his letters to his son Moroni (Moroni, 9:10), Mormon attributes murder, which he strongly condemns, to "hardness of heart."

The Nephites believed in capital punishment. Alma the younger tells us (Alma, 30:10) that if a man murdered, "he was punished unto death." Presumably the judge took into consideration the conditions under which the crime was committed

as well as the motive that led to it. In the ninth chapter of Helaman we have an account of five persons placed under arrest for the murder of the chief judge. In this case, as it happens, the accused were innocent, but the point is that they were apprehended by the law.

The converted Nephite had a perfect horror of the taking of human life, and he would do so only where it was in self-defense. There are many cases in point.

Moroni, the military chief, always refrained from unnecessary killing in war. In the battle with Zerahemnah (Alma, chapter 43) he takes the very first opportunity, although he is victorious, to stop the "flow of blood." Later, during the Great War between the Nephites and the Lamanites, he does not "deal death to the enemy" when it is possible to win without doing so. This was partly because the Nephites considered the Lamanites less culpable than themselves in their wrong-doing on account of their lack of civilization and religion. When, however, the Nephites did the same things as the Lamanites, such leaders as Moroni were less considerate. And then, of course, the Nephite war leaders were always anxious to save their own soldiers.

Sexual sins were severely dealt with in *Book of Mormon* times.

That there were lapses from virtue among the Nephites goes without saying, for they were human. But these were punished. There was no winking at them at any time during the reign of religion on the continent. The ideal here also was derived from the teachings of Moses, which were contained on the Brass Plates.

Jacob, in the same place where he speaks of murder, inveighs as strongly against unchastity. "Wo unto them who commit whoredoms," he says (II Nephi, 9:36), "for they shall be thrust down to hell." And Abinadi tells the profligate priests of Noah, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Alma informs his son Corianton, who has been guilty of harlotry, that "these things are an abomination in the sight of the Lord; yea, most abominable above all sins save it be the shedding of innocent blood or denying the Holy Ghost." Jacob represents the Lord as saying, "I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts." And in the letter of Mormon to Moroni, from which we have already quoted, chastity, virtue is stated to be "the most dear and precious thing" in the world, and "above all things."

That will give an idea of the value which the Nephites placed upon chastity.

Of course, the Nephites, as well as the Jaredites, believed in marriage and the family life. This is evident on almost every page of the *Book of Mormon*. Over and over again reference is made in "Ether" to the large families of the first Jaredites. And the journey of the Lehites to the Promised Land was delayed, as you remember, so that the sons of Lehi might have wives from the family of Ishmael.

Marriage is ordained of God. It is primarily a religious ordinance. In other words, marriage is a thing of the spirit as well as of the body. At all events, it is this ceremony that makes any union of the sexes valid. And any union of the sexes outside of this ritual is unholy. Herein lies chastity and herein lies unchastity, according to the *Book of Mormon*.

But men and women, under the religious polity of the Nephites, were required to do more than to

refrain from committing murder and sexual sins.

In the first place, there were the virtues of honesty, truthfulness, tolerance, brotherliness, and so on. "Wo unto the deaf," says Jacob (9: 31-38), "that will not hear; for they shall perish. Wo unto the blind that will not see; for they shall perish also. Wo unto the uncircumcised of heart, for a knowledge of their iniquities shall smite them at the last day. Wo unto the liar, for he shall be thrust down to hell. Yea, wo unto those that worship idols, for the devil of all devils delighteth in them. And, in fine, wo unto all those who die in their sins; for they shall return to God, and behold his face, and remain in their sins."

What the great Alma said to his son Helaman seems to have been the law of the entire nation: "How strict are the commandments of God. And he said: If ye keep my commandments ye shall prosper in the land; but if ye keep not my commandments, ye shall be cut off from my presence."

In the second place, the best kind of goodness required was a membership in the church, not only because the church included every virtue, but also because the association of man with man in a good cause always gives strength to carry on.

The Nephites had a church organization even before the advent of Christ in the flesh.

Of necessity the church had ordinances.

Ordinances are forms. Forms inhere in all society. No organized life socially is possible without forms of some kind. The nation—any nation—has its forms for the admission of aliens. So, too, have clubs, fraternities, and sororities, and other social groups. In truth, language itself, whether written or spoken, is a matter of forms, tokens, or symbols. Forms stand for things and ideas. Also they conserve life. No permanence in ideas is possible without some sort of symbols. And so the church, which is organized power, needs forms, symbols, tokens.

One of the forms in the Nephite church, as in the church of the *New Testament*, was baptism. According to the Record it was administered only to adults and was by immersion of the whole body in water.

"Verily I say unto you," Jesus tells the Nephites on the occasion of his visitation to them after his resurrection, "whosoever repenteth of his sins through your words, and desireth to be baptized in my name, on this wise shall ye baptize them. Ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them. These are the words which ye shall say, calling them by name, Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. And then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water. After this manner shall ye baptize in my name." (III Nephi, 11:23-27.)

The *Book of Mormon* condemns infant baptism in unstinted language. Says the prophet Mormon (Moroni, 8:10-15): "It is solemn mockery before God that ye should baptize little children. Teach repentance and baptism unto those who are accountable and capable of committing sin. Teach parents that they must repent and be baptized, and humble themselves as their little children, and they shall be saved with their little children. Their little children need no repentance, neither baptism; but little children are alive in Christ. He that supposeth that little children need bap-

tism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity; for he hath neither faith, hope, nor charity; wherefore, should he be cut off while in the thought, he must go down to hell. For awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he hath no baptism."

Moreover, baptism was for the remission of sin in the Nephite church. "The first fruits of repentance," continues Mormon (verses 24, 25), "is baptism; and baptism cometh by faith unto the fulfilling the commandments; and the fulfilling the commandments bringeth remission of sins; and the remission of sins bringeth meekness, and lowliness of heart; and because of meekness and lowliness of heart cometh the visitation of the Holy Ghost, which Comforter filleth with hope and perfect love, which love endureth by diligence unto prayer, until the end shall come when all the Saints shall dwell with God."

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was another of the ordinances in the ancient church on the American continent. This was so, however, only after the visitation of Christ to the Nephites. The manner and purpose was the same as among the Latter-day Saints. It was a sign of brotherhood among church members, as it is with us. The words used in the blessing of the Emblems are identical with those used in our Sacrament. (Moroni, chapters 4, 5.)

At the same time that Jesus instituted the Sacrament among the Nephites he gave this admonition: "Ye shall not suffer any one knowingly to partake of my flesh and blood unworthily, when ye shall administer it; for whoso eateth and drinketh my flesh and blood unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to his soul; therefore if ye know that a man is unworthy to eat and drink of my flesh and blood ye shall forbid him."

Here, then, is the case for the *Book of Mormon* religious ideals.

It teaches (1) that a church is necessary with (a) faith, (b) repentance, (c) baptism, (d) confirmation, if we are to draw an inference, (e) the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; (2) that human life must be held sacred, except in case of self-defense, as in war, and in case of such a crime as demands punishment by death at the hands of the political government; (3) that virtue, chastity, is as dear as life itself and the opposite the most "abominable" of sins, next to murder; and (4) that such virtues as honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, tolerance, charity, and the like are as necessary as any other to salvation.

Questions

1. What is the proper function of the church? How is it that we need forms in the church? Show that forms inhere in life. What would you answer to one who said he does not believe organized Christianity to be necessary, that personal religion is the only thing necessary to any one? What is personal religion? Name the ordinances in use in the church of the ancient Nephites. What is the specific use and purpose of each?

2. It has been objected that Joseph Smith, in the *Book of Mormon*, takes up matters that were currently discussed in his time and neighborhood. Baptism, for instance. How would you answer this objection? Compare the doctrines mentioned in the Nephite Record with those in vogue now in the churches.

Teachers' Topic

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matthew 25:40.

Unselfishness, kindness and generosity are the three virtues one should cultivate to conform to our text. Literature is replete with the theme of this passage. One of the most beautiful short stories, showing the greatness of these words is—"Where Love is, There God is Also," by Leo Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. This is the story of the life of a simple shoemaker, Martuin Avdyeitch. This honest man made many acquaintances, and he was never out of work. His wife died, leaving him with a son three years old. In a few years the son died, and Avdyeitch became melancholy and complained of God. Once a little old man came to him and said, "We must live for God, Martuin. He gives you life, and for His sake you must live. When you begin to live for Him, you will not grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you. You know how to read: buy a Testament, and read it; there you will learn how to live for God."

This, Martuin Avdyeitch did, and every moment he could spare from work, he read and read. One night, while reading, he fell asleep and suddenly he plainly heard: "Martuin! Ah, Martuin! look tomorrow on the street. I am coming."

He could see no one, but at daybreak the next morning, after saying his prayers, he had breakfast and sat by the window to work. Many passed by, and finally an old man, Stepanuitch, began to shovel away the snow from in front of the window. Martuin was always looking, because he said he imagined Christ was coming to see him. Stepanuitch stopped shoveling to warm himself and rest, so Martuin tapped on the window for him to come in. He gave him something to eat, and invited him to come again. Stepanuitch said, "May Christ reward you for this."

And now there came by the window a woman with a child, and she stood near the window-case trying to wrap up the child, and she had nothing to wrap it up in. Avdyeitch cried, "My good woman, Why are you standing in the cold with the child. Come in." He gave her food and clothing, and the woman said, "May Christ bless you, little grandfather!"

Next the old apple woman put her basket down in front of his window, and as she did so a small boy with a torn cap took an apple. She pulled the boy's hair, scolded and threatened to take him to the policeman. Avdyeitch took the child and said to the woman, "God has commanded us to forgive, else, too, we may not be forgiven."

He then went to his shop, put away his things, got down the Testament from the shelf, and he remembered his last night's dream, and Stepanuitch, the woman with the child, and the old woman and the boy with the apple, stepped forth from the dark corner, and the voice repeated, "It was I." He put on his spectacles and read: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

References: "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke; "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt; "Requirement," by Whittier; "My Task," by Maude Louise Ray.

Literature

The Short Story in America

Part II

To the teacher: It might be well if during this month and the one following it, the stake leaders and the ward instructors would concentrate on outside reading. We have come to our own period in the American short story—a period when stories are numerous, interesting and worth while and are available to almost every organization through city, school, or private libraries. These next two lessons can be made the most practical of all. The women's appreciation for the short story has been heightened, and they should read the stories with enjoyment and some critical insight. Too much of the class time should not be given over to the discussion of the first part for two important figures, both women, Sarah Orne Jewett, now dead, and Willa Sibert Cather, whose last book appeared a few months ago, are to be considered. At the end of the lesson, a list of short story collections and short stories will be given, but it will be best for the stake and ward leaders to make their own lists from available material.

* * *

This month's lesson sketches the status of the short story after Bret Harte to the eighties when the term short story came to have a definite meaning and place, down to the journalization of the short story.

This period gave us H. C. Bunner, T. B. Aldrich, Brander Matthews, Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Frank R. Stockton.

It was Brander Matthews, a brilliant and scholarly young writer and critic who formulated the laws for the short story. These laws, originality, unity, compression, brilliancy of style, action, form, and substance, and if possible, fantasy have been reiterated many times in the course.

In the nineties the short story came into its own. Young writers who had studied the French and American masters were ready to blaze trails; Kipling was writing his virile stories of India and was for a time living in America; sensational prize story contests were beginning; and authors were being paid prices that would have sounded like hallucinations to Hawthorne and Poe.

These young writers of the nineties began to think their masters antiquated. They asserted that the older men told only half truths, while they intended to follow Truth, selecting nothing, rejecting nothing, quite after the manner of the Russians.

Hamlin Garland with his realistic stories of the Middle Border, Mary Wilkins Freeman, vivid pictures of the Old Testament status of women in fast-departing New England, James Lane Allen with his Kentucky tales. Grace Elizabeth King and her New Orleans, Alice Brown of New England, Mary Catherwood and her frontier stories, and Margaret Deland with her wise old Dr. Lavendar are all of this period of the short story just before the art became a recognized industry.

By nineteen hundred the short story writers were legion. Many of them, products of the newspaper world, wrote as they would write a newspaper story, brief, startling—good for the moment, and useless on the morrow. For the most part these writers believed that they should always be in the midst of people, studying them, giving them exactly what they wanted. They decided

that they must not plunge too deeply into life and its meanings, and they must not live apart as Hawthorne had done. Cheap magazines, called pulp because of the inferior quality of paper, appeared everywhere, and there were writers willing to meet the new market.

Among the leaders of the journalistic school of the better kind are Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, William Allen White, Owen Wister, Stephen Crane, Stewart Edward White, and Jack London.

After them came O'Henry, the last man (at the present time) who was able to influence the direction of the short story. He is of our own time and needs no introduction to readers. Critics say of him that he was "a prince of story tellers," but that he had no philosophy of life, and that he commercialized his work to a damaging extent. Primarily he was an entertainer, and all his bits of fine words, beautiful style, and real sentiment were usually turned in the end to vaudeville. He knew the art of compression. If he had tried to write seriously, he might have been one of the greatest of the great.

In spite of journalization, the short story in America has had its men and women who have tried to make it a high art of expression. Quality and quantity have both been produced. There is little time here to discuss some of the writers who were young at the beginning of the century and who are still writing today. Among the names are those of Edith Wharton, James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser, and Willa Cather. To begin on them would trespass on next month's lesson. Willa Cather will be studied now because of her relation to Miss Jewett and because she is one of the best of the older, younger writers. She, like the journalist, writes of life as it goes on about her, but she has gone a little deeper in its meanings than many of her fellow craftsmen, and she has written more to please herself than the markets.

* * *

It is fitting to study Miss Jewett and Miss Cather together. When Miss Cather was going through her writing apprenticeship, she was an admirer of Miss Jewett's writings and a close friend. Indeed, Willa Cather has often credited Miss Jewett with much of her inspiration. Miss Cather has more people who place her as a major writer than those who would consign her to minor ranks. Way back in Dr. Johnson's time he went about berating those who would waste their time reading Milton, so it is not for us to judge too freely of our own times. Indications are that Miss Cather will hold her place in the first ranks and that Miss Jewett, if she does not have a niche among the very great in the Hall of Fame, will have a very important place among the lesser figures.

Sarah Orne Jewett was born at South Berwick, Maine, in 1849. Her ancestry, save for a trace of French blood, was pure New England. She lived with her doctor father in a beautiful, colonial home and knew from him the ailments, frailties, nobilities, joys, and sorrows of his patients. Because she was not strong, she was educated at home. A great deal of her time she spent out-of-doors. This outdoor life left strong traces in her work. It gave it sanity, sweetness, and the gift to make her readers see the marshes, the pines, the sea, the spring flowers, and the summer gardens.

After her girlhood she traveled a great deal and lived a good part of

the time in Boston. She met the great minds of her day, but in her writing she chose to portray the scenes and people she had known in earlier life. She wrote in a day of exaggerated dialect, but she did not follow the pervading fashion. Unlike the most of our writers, she wrote to please herself, and her language gives the spirit of the talk of these New Englanders, rather than the letter of it. Willa Cather says that in Miss Jewett's stories she was able to get the look of the people she wrote about, "The shy, kind,—a little wistful look that shines out at one from good country faces on remote farms. It is the look itself—and therefore is a little miracle."

Willa Cather also said of her friend in speaking of writers (and the same is true of herself). "If he achieve anything noble, anything enduring, it must be by giving himself absolutely to his material. And this gift of sympathy is his great gift; is the fine thing in him that alone can make his work fine."

That gift Miss Jewett had. She was in absolute sympathy with her people. Her limitations are those of the writer who writes too delicately, too restrainedly, with too much of the feminine touch and whose music is a minor note. But she has left for us a characteristic flavor of a New England that has passed away. She has a delightful sense of humor and a style, exquisite in its simplicity. A few years before her death in 1909, an *Atlantic Monthly* writer paid her this tribute: "And I should like, for my own part, to add this: that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delicate art."

Willa Cather came from a different environment. She was born in Virginia in 1876, but when she was quite young, she moved to the Middle West, to Nebraska if memory serves correctly. She knew this western country in its growing up days, its stormy winters, its hot, dry summers, its grave problems. She also knew the Southwest and her love for its gold and blue days, its bright clad Indians, and its cliff dwellings, have crept into nearly all of her writings.

She is a reserved woman, entirely disregarding the publicity that seems to be a necessary part of most successful authors' lives. It is from her writings that we learn about her rather than from the things written of her. She writes honestly and freely of the people and places she knows. One has only to read her "Wagner Matinee" or "Sculptor's Funeral" to know how fearless she is and how little she cares for lesser opinions. She writes of the sordidness and hard struggle of life as well as of the beauty of it and the joys of achievement. She believes in courage, strength, work, and in the right of people to struggle for the beauties of the intellectual world.

When she was a young girl, she taught school. Teaching, however, she believed to be a blind alley for a person of intelligence and talent. Neither did she care for newspaper work. She seemed always to know where she was going, and it is quite safe to say that she has achieved many of the things she hoped for. She does not write unless she cares to, and she also writes the things that please her. She is a careful writer, giving much time to the polishing of her style and to the rounding out of her beautiful and vivid figures of speech.

She lives part of the time in New

York City in a modest old place down in Greenwich Village, and she often travels. Her books, if one has read "Death Comes to the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock," require a great deal of study in preparation. In June, 1931, she came West to receive an honorary degree from the University of California. People who knew her through her pictures were surprised to find her with iron grey hair and with an air of frailty. There is so much vigor in her writing even though much of her physical strength has been spent.

The list of her writings is not large, "Song of the Lark," "My Antonia," "O Pioneers," "One of Ours," "The Lost Lady, "The Professor's House," "Death Comes to the Archbishop," "Shadows on the Rock," and two collections of short stories, if memory serves aright. In 1930 she also wrote a short story that appeared in *The Woman's Home Companion*. It was a return to the farm people she knew in her girlhood.

"Miss Tempey's Watchers"

This is a story of three people who lived in a small New Hampshire town. Its primary emphasis is upon character. There are only three persons in the story, two women and their dead neighbor. Through their conversation, chiefly centered on the dead woman upstairs, Miss Jewett makes known to us the life history of the three, their hopes, their philosophy of life, their thoughts, and their place in the little town. Its underlying theme is the effect of the dead woman's influence on the two friends who have agreed to "watch" the night before the funeral. Of the three women, Temperance Dent is the most unselfish, the most understanding and sympathetic, and has had the most profound influence upon the lives of her associates. Sarah Ann Binson is like Miss Tempey in many ways, but we feel that she lacks the dead woman's grace and charm and much of her imagination. In Mrs. Crowe we are more apt to see an old friend. She is the one easiest to understand, the one troubled with more frailties. She is an ordinary woman, selfish in her plenty, with little of the imagination possessed by Temperance Dent, but not quite blind to her faults. Two of the author's sentences explain her: "She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence and a compliment indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance." * * * "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some."

Running through the story is a thought that has been with us since the first man—the thought of death, which is usually one of fear. Miss Jewett makes us see this fear through the eyes of the three women, and then she would have us believe that death is not to be feared, that it is a beautiful experience.

The story lifts a curtain on a small part of the old New England that was a heritage from the Puritans. It is told with beautiful simplicity and it is a heartening tale in spite of its theme.

* * *

Willa Cather's "A Wagner Matinee" is a story of a woman who was a product of New England culture but who was transplanted from Boston at a time when it was the "Athens of America" to a dugout

on a Nebraskan farm. And quite as simple as Miss Jewett, Miss Cather shows us a woman who loved music passionately, but who lived away from it, struggling with poverty, indifference, the hard winters, and the long, dry summers. The story shows how the woman's love for music and her remembrance of her younger days were gradually being killed, and how, when they were seemingly dead, they were all brought back by the sound of some music she had never thought to hear. It is a story of woman's courage, her ability to sacrifice for those she loves, and her gift of passing on to someone younger her love of an art that once dominated her.

Some people will say that Miss Cather is too cruel and prejudiced in her portrayal of farm life, but there will be others who will admire her for her truthful picture and for the tribute she pays the Aunt Georgias of this life. Others will say that the story contains too many episodes, but Miss Cather writes of things as they are. In reading the story it is well to remember that the farm Miss Cather pictures is one from her girlhood and not a Nebraska farm of 1932. Much of the culture of the East has come West since then, and a lover of music can hear a Wagner matinee by turning a dial.

* * *

If the two stories are presented in one lesson, there will be little time for questions. Some teachers will be interested in contrasting the style of the two women, in showing how Miss Cather is more bold, more apt to tell the whole truth than Miss Jewett, and in discussing the differences between the New England life and that of the Nebraska farm. Each story gives a period in our civilization, Miss Jewett's of the old, settled, New England that was still influenced by the Puritans, and Miss Cather's the Puritan descendant transplanted into primitive conditions. How environment has affected the characters is a question worth studying.

Other teachers will enjoy a discussion of Miss Jewett's three characters, their different philosophies, their character growth (changes shown in the story), and their views on life and death. If the teacher has time, it will be well to pause a moment to pick out some of Miss Cather's figures of speech and show how apt they are and how they make the picture more vivid. Aunt Georgiana and Miss Tempey are both splendid women. Show how they were alike in their unselfishness and how they were unlike in their education, their hopes, and their ways of living. Note, too, how the stories are more true to their environment than previous American stories.

* * *

Some wards and stakes are either planning or intending to plan a short story contest. This next month would be a good time to conduct the contest, substituting the members' stories for the third lesson on the short story in America. No program is offered for the contest as the stake leaders will plan for their own needs.

List For Outside Reading

(Class Leaders may suggest other writers and other stories.)

Jewett—"Country of the Pointed Furs," "The Lost Lover," "The White Heron," "An Only Son," "Marsh Rosemary," or any stories from her long list of collections.

Willa Cather (story collection)—"Youth and Bright Medusa."

Thomas Nelson Page—"In Ole Virginia" and other stories.

William Dean Howells—"Suburban Sketches," "The Sleeping Car" and "Other Farces."

Frank R. Stockton—"The Lady or the Tiger" and other stories.

James Brander Matthews—"In Partnership," "Vignettes of Manhattan."

Henry C. Bunner—"Short Sixes," "More Short Stories."

James Lane Allen—"Flute and Violin," "The Doctor's Christmas Eve."

Hamlin Garland, "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," "Wayside Courtships."

Mary Wilkins Freeman — "A Humble Romance and Other Stories," "A New England Nun," "Silence," or any other collection.

Alice Brown—"Meadow Grass," "Tiverton Tales."

Richard Harding Davis—"Gallegher and Other Stories," "Van Bibber and Others," "The Man Who Could Not Lose."

Owen Wister—"Red Men and White."

William Allen White—"The Real Issue and Other Stories."

O'Henry—Any collection.

Edith Wharton—"Ethan Frome."

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

PERSONALITY STUDY: DIAGNOSING AND INFLUENCING THE PUBLIC
(Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pp. 201-216)

We have learned that the "entering wedge" for making fundamental changes in persons is to consider the individual as made up quite largely of different sets of habits, each of which, may be dealt with more or less separately thus greatly simplifying an otherwise extremely complex and discouragingly difficult problem. In trying to diagnose and influence what we call the Public we should be staggered into almost utter helplessness if we could not simplify the problem in some similar way. Happily we can do just this very thing.

It will prove very helpful for us to think of the Public much as was done in the case of Alice in one of our previous lessons. Just as she was thought of as a more or less unified aggregate of habit-systems with certain major ones dominating other minor ones, so the otherwise mysterious Public can be understood and managed to some extent in about the same way.

Alice was a shut-in, listless, and unsuccessful child, a real problem to her teachers and her foster parents. Miss Jones, the visiting teacher or school psychologist, applied herself to the task of understanding and helping the child. Her feelings of inferiority, her habitual lethargy, and seeming lack of splendid personality possibilities were found to be dominated by a certain habit deficiency which until then had been accepted as but one more element of a more or less fixed pattern of undesirable personality traits. The habit system in question centered in her poor ability to read. Miss Jones knew that this could be improved. Furthermore her training in psychology made her feel reasonably sure that the improvement of this habit would prove to be the golden key by which her personality would

be released for more adequate and more desirable expression along several other lines. The insight of Miss Jones in this case proved to be right, for the means devised on this basis proved very successful in "waking up" Alice and greatly changing her personality for the better. (See text, pages 149-153.)

By way of comparison Overstreet tells of the consequences of the undeveloped reading habit-system on the part of the pre-war Russian peasant Public. A person well acquainted with conditions among the Russian peasants at that time reasoned that, "because they could not read, they were lonely; and so, of course, they drank." It is not improbable that a whole train of bodily habits, appetite habits, emotional habits (involving, for example, uncleanliness, thriftlessness, enmity, etc.) were made to operate as prominent parts of their lives largely because of the illiteracy of these peasants. Today a tremendous effort is being made to remedy the formerly very inadequate reading habit-system of the Russian peasant Public. We may well be on the lookout for reliable information concerning the effects of these new policies upon the so-called Russian peasant mind. Of course many other new measures are being tried in this far-flung if not really great Russian experiment and we cannot be sure that either good or bad effects to be observed are due in large part to the efforts being made to provide more adequate reading skills and habits. The writer, however, believes with Overstreet that probably the defective reading habit-system in this case has been rightly recognized as at least one of the great keys with which to release the Russian peasant Public from the hindering effects of quite a number of other more obvious and more distressing defects.

Most of the readers of this lesson are without doubt somewhat acquainted with the history of the so-called emancipation of women. Some of the people who have been prominent in this cause have had great confidence in verbal agitation. How often were their efforts fruitless and what tenacity of purpose was required to keep them from giving up when even their sisters and mothers tended to nullify all their impassioned pleas for needed emancipation. Certain "clinging vine" and "Doll's House" habits of less forward-looking women prevented what was said or written of a better day to be achieved, from taking effect.

At last we find that legal provisions for political independence of women have been made rather extensively. What made this task so very difficult at one time and so relatively easy later on? What was the matter with the Public at one time and what so good about it later so far as this particular cause was concerned? It would be proper no doubt to concede that the verbal agitation was of some value—was even quite essential. But we who would like to understand and influence the Public should recognize clearly that certain changes in the physical, emotional, and mental habits of women which have taken place mostly in the last quarter of a century have also been potent indirect promoters of the cause of political equality of the sexes. Overstreet discusses particularly the new habit-systems making for the physically fit woman, new industrial changes in which women shared making for greater economic freedom, and gradually achieved habit-systems which made numerous women the equals of well-trained men educationally speaking. That these were crucial or determin-

ant habit-systems in relation to this long struggle is quite evident.

What relation to future steps of progress or regression will such pseudo-symbols of equality have as the liquor-drinking and tobacco-smoking habit-systems of many modern "emancipated" females? How can we further diagnose and influence a world-wide Public so that a really honorable and worthy emancipation for all our sisters will be achieved? What are the key-habits to be encouraged so that further domestic, political, social, educational, and religious equality will not be too long delayed or merely agitated by ineffective verbal methods? How can we help our sisters to appreciate both the privileges and responsibilities of their new freedom, and not to content themselves with flaunting unworthy symbols of their rights at the risk of not appreciating at all the realities which could be theirs?

The author of our text again illustrates the technique he wishes to make clear to us by a brief account of how we became a temperate people. He seems not to belong to the noisy bluffers who try to make us think that Americans consume more liquor now than before the adoption of the eighteenth amendment. He says that intemperance practiced to any great extent necessarily belongs to the days before the widespread use of powerful and rapidly driven machinery in industry and transportation and before the use of complex commercial devices which require dependable human operators in order that the vital interests of the many may be adequately safeguarded. We should not allow these illustrations to make us feel that there is little or nothing that we can do just because we lose some confidence in the methods of admonition and sentimental preaching.

What Overstreet says about agricultural work-habits as determinants should be of special interest to us. He gives rather interesting reasons for believing the typical farmer to be the outstanding example of the pietist, the individualist, and the "slow" type of mind. The Mormon farmer on account of the interestingly different village group-life has a somewhat different work-habit-system from the "typical farmer" which our author has in mind. The need of protection from enemies (either whites or Indians), a compact farm-village organization suggested by Joseph Smith, dependence upon limited fertile areas that could be irrigated, the frequent existence of large families of children who needed to be provided with convenient religious and secular education, the fact that many converts came from urban types of group organization as well as other common interests of the Mormon people all these have led to the establishment among us of a more or less unique type of rural work-habit-systems. Can you give the necessarily different diagnosis of the Mormon rural Public in view of the special pattern of work activities found in this group? From the above-mentioned considerations, would you expect to find consolidated, graded and well-supervised schools or poorly-equipped and ill-taught one-room schools in country districts where a majority of the population are Mormons? To what extent would you expect new truth to be readily accepted by rural Latter-day Saints? Would you expect our farmers to resist such evidently advantageous projects as co-operative buying and marketing, county fairs, county health units, county libraries, the world court, and increased taxation for needed service, such as they would otherwise purchase individually at more than twice the cost to themselves?

Are they really so conservative that they get in their own way and hinder progress which they so much need?

The writer once heard the noted lecturer Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman challenge the women Public by charging them with being the most conservative and non-progressive group in the world. She claimed that labor-saving devices, including the division of labor among women, were not used in the homes except as the men had forced certain mechanical devices upon them. She stood ready with a plan to banish most of what we call domestic drudgery and to save many hours each week that could be then devoted to recreational and cultural activities by the liberated women who would try her scheme or a better one.

Perhaps her picture of the typical woman "working from sun to sun" was overdrawn. Perhaps the typical woman already has too much leisure on her hands. Perhaps she need not change her ways to make for greater opportunities for adequate self-realization. Perhaps Mrs. Gilman has been making use of a method inconsistent with the clear message of this lesson. How would you advise her in relation to the difficult task of influencing the behavior of a conservative woman Public? A more complete emancipation of woman waits upon the discovery of the crucial habit-systems of the people concerned and the devising of means for changing them.

Some Suggested Problems for Discussion

1. What is a common, wrong way for people to regard the Public in attempting to understand or to influence it? Briefly what is a better way to regard the Public in relation to this problem?

2. Compare the case of Alice with that of the pre-war Russian peasant Public.

3. Illustrate the main message of this lesson with an account of efforts to provide women with political emancipation.

4. Before the World War it was confidently assumed that anything like such a stupendous conflict could not take place and then it happened. Does the statement that any large amount of intemperance is impossible in a highly complex industrial and commercial society such as ours seem to you to be based also on a wrong diagnosis of conditions? Give reasons for your answer.

5. Find out all you can about the rural life of Denmark and compare the work-habit-systems there with those with which we are most familiar among our farm folks.

6. Read and comment on the two paragraphs above about Mrs. Gilman's challenge.

7. It has been said that one of our great needs is to better understand the young people—to translate our religion for them into language which they will understand and respect. If you were trying to diagnose and influence the Mormon-rising-generation Public what would be your line of attack?

8. If possible look up the number of one-room schools in Missouri, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Utah. How do you account for these conditions? (See abstract of U. S. census or report of U. S. Commissioner of Education.)

9. Find these phrases in Chapter XII of our text and comment on each: "completely nullified," "'Doll's House' stage," "gentle sentimentalists," "culture from the housetops," "diagnosing jingoism," and "crossers-of-boundaries."

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His Choice

"Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."

A Protracted Service

They must have long church services in a certain Western town where a paper announced of a certain church: "The regular services will commence next Sunday at 3 P.M., and continue until further notice."

They Were Speedy

Mrs. Todd went into a store to buy some spring ginghams.

"Are these colors fast?" she asked the clerk.

"Yes, indeed," he replied earnestly; "you ought to see them when once they start to run."

How It Was Accounted For

"How does it happen," said the teacher to the new pupil, "that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?"

"Well," explained the small boy, after a moment's thought, "you see, she married again and I didn't."

A Surprise for the Teacher

"This class comprehends the meaning of words very quickly," said the Boston teacher to her visitors. "You noticed we spoke of the word 'ransom' a few minutes ago. "How many"—turning to the children—"can think of a sentence containing the word 'ransom'? Every one. Yes, Harold?"

Harold arose proudly.

"My sister's beau ran some when Pa ——"

And then the children wondered why the class was dismissed three minutes early.

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"The saddest word of tongue or pen is the thought of what might have bee

No Jobs for Men of 65

So easy to look back and see the mistakes,
Some that are drastic and bring on heartaches.
Don't wait for experience to teach the sad facts,
Endowments will avoid any sidetracks.

It certainly is mighty tough to reach a matured age and find naught but disappointment in the future outlook—mighty hard for a man to be alone—down and out as it were, but doubly sad for him when his old partner is forced to share the misfortune. Circumstances that could well have been averted by a small investment in Life Insurance at a time when the premium payments would scarcely have been missed from a steady income.

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